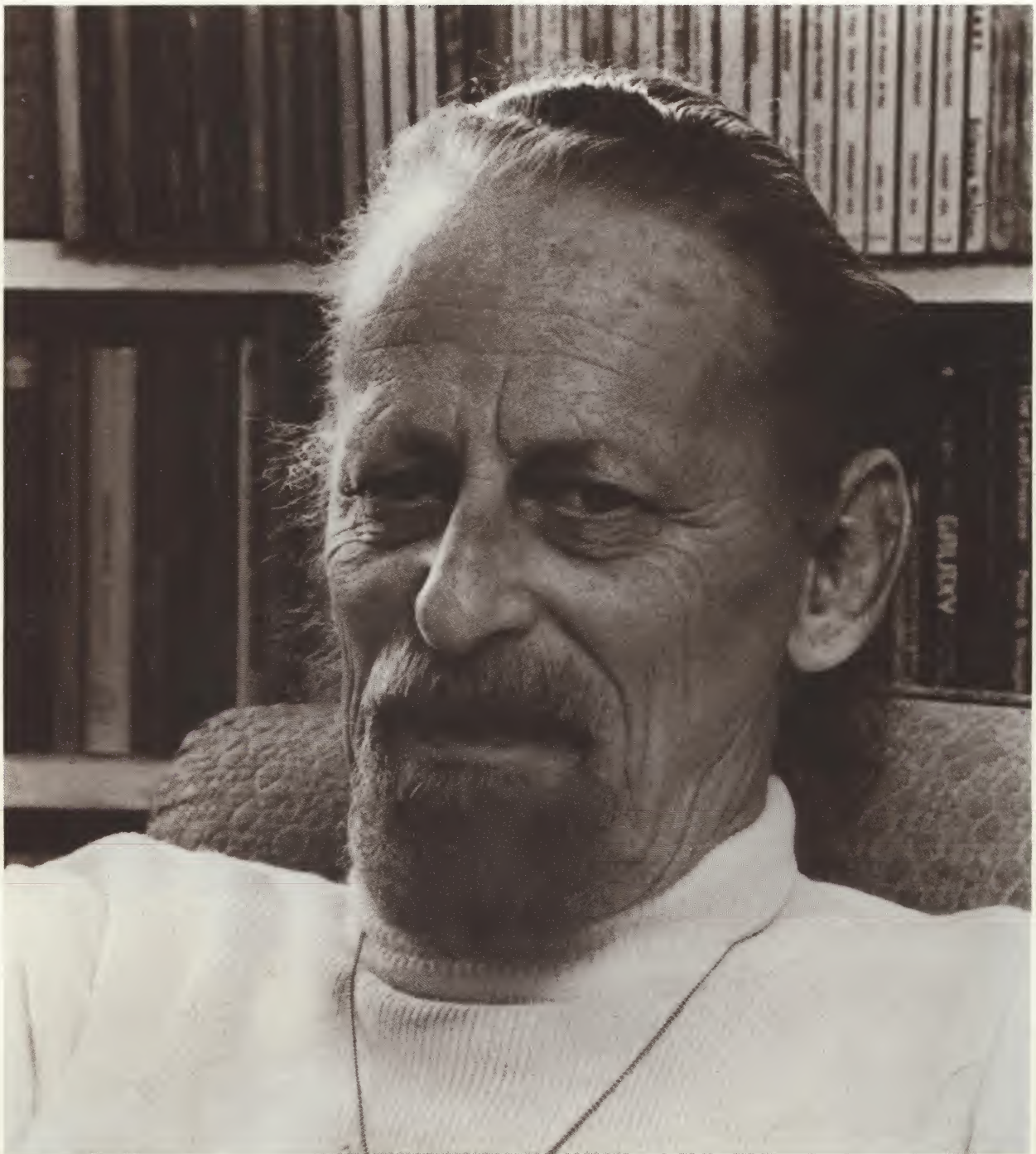


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Theodore Sturgeon 1918-1985



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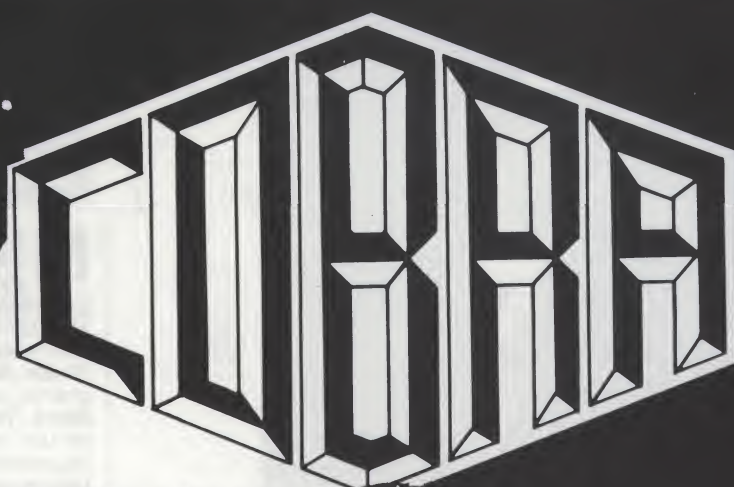
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Theodore Sturgeon 1918-1985



ON Sunday, May 5, Theodore Hamilton Sturgeon said goodbye to close friends, by telephone from his apartment in Springfield, Oregon. His lung condition (an effect of cystic fibrosis) had worsened, so that he could utter only a few syllables at a time. A few hours later he entered the local hospital with terminal pneumonia.

There was a gathering of the clan (Ted had five marriages and eight children). On Wednesday evening, May 8 ("I think he was just waiting for all the family to arrive," said a neighbor) Sturgeon ceased his efforts to breathe at 8:15 p.m., Pacific Coast time. He was 67.

Ted was born Edward Hamilton Waldo in Staten Island on February 26, 1918; his parents were a Protestant Episcopalian couple, Edward and Christine Waldo. The marriage was a failure: Ted saw his father only once a week at Sunday dinner. When he was nine, divorce brought him a stern and unsympathetic Scottish stepfather, employed as a teacher at Drexel College in Philadelphia, who gave him little more than a new surname.

His earliest dream, of a career as a circus trapeze artist (he was a star gymnast in high school, and had been promised an athletic scholarship at Temple University), was destroyed by a bout of rheumatic fever at 15 that left him with an enlarged heart. Always an erratic student, Ted's attitude worsened, and his stepfather refused to send him to college. Instead, partly with a small bequest from his grandmother, he was enrolled in Penn State Nautical School, but after a term there he ran away to sea as an engine-room wiper.

During his years in the Merchant Marine he began selling short fiction to McClure's newspaper syndicate. When a Brooklyn couple showed him a copy of John Campbell's *Unknown* he set out to write for that market. His "first sale"

was "God in a Garden" to *Unknown*, but "Ether Breather" in *Astounding* was published earlier (1939); these sales began his first highly productive period ("Shottle Bop," "Microcosmic God," "Nightmare Island") during which he used the pseudonyms "E. Hunter Waldo" and "E. Waldo Hunter" to allow multiple stories in the same issue of *Astounding*.

FLUSHED with new success, in 1940 he married Dorothy Fillingame, his high school sweetheart, over her parents' objections. On his honeymoon he wrote that early classic of the macabre, "IT," which established his reputation as a stylist. But World War II was just around the corner: caught in the British West Indies, where he had gone to manage a resort hotel to supplement his writing, Sturgeon found himself managing army properties instead. One of these was a tractor lubrication center, where Sturgeon learned to operate bulldozers and loved it. This stint inspired the only story he completed during the war, *Killdozer* (published in *Astounding*, 1944, filmed for television in 1974).

Sturgeon's long spell of writers' block undermined his confidence, and Dorothy's. She divorced him in 1945, keeping the children (Colin, Patricia, Cynthia), and he returned to New York in a daze. Sharing an apartment with L. Jerome Stanton, assistant editor of *Astounding*, he let Campbell coax him gradually out of his depression. In 1946, while writing again for Campbell, Sturgeon also tried agenting (for Pohl, Chandler, Merrill, etc.) and found some new markets, notably *Weird Tales*, which took many stories rejected by Campbell. Meanwhile he submitted "Bianca's Hands," a story of obsessive, fetishist passion, so kinky American editors shunned it, to a story contest in the British magazine *Argosy*, and won! (1947). The same year his "Thunder and Roses," a powerfully pacifist atomic war

story, suddenly captured the imagination of fans at the Philadelphia Worldcon. There he met his second wife Mary Mair, a showgirl who sang the "title song" from his story. Sturgeon's confidence was restored.

Although the marriage to Mary was brief and childless, through Jerome Stanton he soon met his third wife, Marion, with whom he lived for 18 years, producing Robin, Tandy, Noel and Timothy.

MEANWHILE, Prime Press issued Sturgeon's first hardcover anthology, *Without Sorcery* (1948) and Horace Gold founded *Galaxy*, which was to be Sturgeon's major market over the next decade. There he published "Baby Is Three," his most famous short story, which he expanded in 1953 to *More Than Human*, a blockbuster novel which got simultaneous hardcover and paperback distribution, beating Alfred Bester's *The Demolished Man* for the International Fantasy Award (the best then going) in 1954. The earliest and best exploration of the "gestalt mind" concept, it has remained in print, a classroom classic, ever since.

During the 50s Sturgeon produced a series of important novels (*The Dreaming Jewels*, *The Cosmic Rape*, *Venus Plus X*, *Some of Your Blood*, the last a vampire tale) and a host of representative stories ("The Sex Opposite," "The World Well-Lost," "The Silken Swift," "...And My Fear Is Great") as well as several story collections. In 1962, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* devoted a special issue to him, and he was Guest of Honor at the 20th Worldcon in Chicago, where he delivered a memorable speech outlining his philosophy of love.

(By 1969, career conflict had ended his third marriage in favor of a union with Wina Golden, who bore his last son, Andros. Then, a decade later, with that union gone flat, he married his surviving wife, Jayne.)

In retrospect, we can see that Sturgeon's most important work had been done by 1962. Yet the power of his mind and personality remained unimpaired though relatively unused. His infrequent contributions in later years ("If All Men Were Brothers...", for Harlan Ellison's *Dangerous Visions*, 1967; "Slow Sculpture," winner of Hugo and Nebula Awards, 1970, "Why Dolphins Don't Bite," written for Ellison's *Medea: Harlan's World*, but first serialized in *Omni*, 1980) are still among the very finest stories in the genre. Yet, as E. F. Bleiler remarked, the moral of *Venus Plus X* (1960), that "even if there were a way to human salvation, humans would refuse to take it," seems to have been Sturgeon's final position. All of his subsequent work has reflected it.

His legacy, however, is unique. More than any other figure in Science Fiction's "Golden Age" he consistently attempted profound themes, in the belief that science fiction should be "an instrument of progress...an active participant in the dynamics of social

Continued on page 32.

EVERY member of the science-fiction community is irreplaceable, but some are more irreplaceable than others. We will never replace Theodore Sturgeon. He was unique.

I did not know Ted as well as others have known him, who met him as a young man in New York in the early days of his self-discovery as a writer. My first contact with him was the result of a telephone call from Horace Gold. Horace said he would buy my short novel "Breaking Point" if I would let Ted cut it by a third. I had such admiration for the author of most the stories I liked best in *Astounding* and *Unknown* and later in *Galaxy* that I agreed without hesitation. Then, when I visited New York in November of 1952, having decided to return to freelance writing after learning about the sale of four stories, I visited Ted in an unusual house built by a retired sea captain on a hill overlooking the Hudson. He drew me in to the circle of people he thought mattered, and he showed me Ted Sturgeon: personal magnetism, an interest in others, an intense involvement with words and writing, and a generous admiration for the accomplishments of others.

Later I met him occasionally at science-fiction conventions, most notably in Philadelphia in 1953, when I heard him announce Sturgeon's Law ("ninety percent of everything is crud") and sing "Strange Fruit." But I got to know him best in his later years, when he was not doing much writing any more, when he answered my appeal to help with the Intensive English Institute on the Teaching of Science Fiction--my decade-long effort to teach the teachers of science fiction.

Ted arrived for the second Institute (as did Fred Pohl); only Gordon Dickson had a longer tenure, and Ted came last year when Gordon could not come. Last year Ted was watching his health, wearing a monitor on his wrist to check his pulse and having some difficulty with hills, and that was frightening, because Ted had seemed always so wiry and inexhaustible that we all thought he would go on forever.

Ted would arrive and immediately begin to charm everyone around him. Ted cared about people, anybody, everybody. One student enrolled in the Institute only because Ted would be there, and within hours she had poured out to him the intimate tragedies of her life. Ted was like that; he didn't so much invite intimacy as draw it into him with every breath, the breath that must have become so difficult for him at the end. People wanted to do things for Ted, just as he was willing to do anything for them. They would meet him at the airport, write to him, seek him out. One fan came to the Institute just to sit with his wife's young child (and later returned to participate in the Institute). Another, when his wife (whom he always called "Lady Jayne") could not afford to come took up a collection to fly her to the Institute as a surprise.

Ted loved to come to Lawrence. So did Jayne. They told me so often

I Remember Ted

By James Gunn



and were willing to do anything they could to help the Institute, to keep it going. I always wondered whether he loved to go anywhere he could find people to talk to, people to bring into his magic circle, but it may have been the special kind of people who came to the Institute that drew him. They were involved people, teachers most of them, and special teachers at that, because they were willing to experiment, and Ted knew that through teachers he could influence thousands of young minds.

He wanted the teachers to understand what he thought was important. That was writing. He wanted them to love words the way he did. He wanted them to love the right words and the right way to put them together, and he wanted them to pass the loves of his life along to their students. One evening he would talk almost entirely about his discovery of what he called "metric prose," the author's conscious choice of a particular poetic foot for passages in which the author wanted to achieve special effects. But he always insisted (I can hear him now in his intense, musical voice) that the reader must never become conscious of the technique or the game is lost.

He would spend another evening discussing style and reading a particular favorite or two among his own work. But he would spend most of the time reading from the English translation of a French author who told the same ridiculous story in dozens of different styles, Ted chortling over each discovery, as if he were enjoying it for the first time, and then leafing further into the slender volume to come upon another. Once he forgot the book and wrote some examples of his own; they were far more interesting because he was a far better writer, but I never could convince him of that. He liked his French author because it showed that somebody else had discovered, before he had thought of it, a beautiful way to reveal the power of words and style.

TED loved finding new writers or admiring the new work of older writers. He fell in love with them and his love overflowed into the reviews he wrote for *The New York Times* and other journals. He may not have been the best critic in the field, because he hated to give a work a bad review, but he was the best-loved critic. Dozens of important authors will never forget the encouragement he gave them.

Ted also wanted people to live, which meant to not be afraid to enjoy life and to be eternally curious, as he was. Fred Pohl says that every novel is about "how to be more like me." That certainly was true of Ted's stories, which had more of himself in them than might be said about the work of any other author I know, but it was also true of his life. In that, too, he said "how to be more like me." Each summer we would ask our guest writers to give a public lecture, and Ted would tell the audience to "ask the next question," for which a fan had made up a symbol for him as a medallion he wore around his neck: a "Q" with an arrow horizontally through it. And he would always end with the statement that "you must never stop asking the next question, because if you do that, you're dead." I hope Ted, wherever his questing intelligence has come to rest, is still asking the next question.

If there is a great deal in this reminiscence about love, it is for a good reason. Ted loved life, loved people, and loved writing. He particularly loved outsiders, the unfortunate, the despised and the downtrodden. The superhuman gestalt in *More than Human* was made up of outcasts, the refuse of traditional society. For good reason: Most of his fiction involved those kinds of characters because they were his special people.

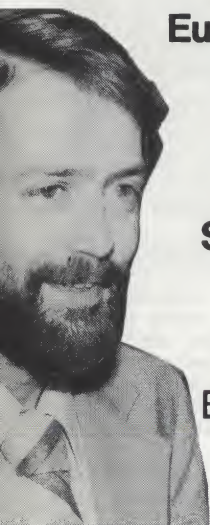
He believed that we should love everybody, but particularly the unloved and those who placed themselves beyond scorn or beneath contempt, often by their practices or appetites. His favorite title among his own works was "If All Men Were Brothers Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?"

ONE of the insights that came to me in the early days of the Institute was that many science-fiction authors (maybe all of them) can be differentiated by what they think is the single change that will solve the world's problems: "everything would be wonderful, if only...." Isaac Asimov might complete it "...people behaved rationally"; Robert Heinlein, "...the incompetent people let the competent people solve the problem"; A. E. van vogt, "...people could use their hidden powers." For Ted it had to be "...people loved each other."

If there is an afterlife, Ted now must be afloat in a sea of love. If there isn't, he left much behind, both in the people whose lives he touched and the books and the stories that distilled his message into fiction that continues to ask the next question.

--James Gunn

Theodore Sturgeon 1918-1985



Eudiche:

Theodore
Sturgeon

By Gary K. Wolfe

WE shall never see him again. There will be no more arguments, no more pleasant thinking with Eudiche, mourned Torth to the other Titan.

"Come now. Don't be so pessimistic," said Larit, stroking the machine. "The idea of dissociation has horrified you, that's all. There is every chance that his components will fuse."

This passage, from a not-too-well-known story by Theodore Sturgeon called "Make Room for Me" (1951), may not seem much of an epitaph for the man himself. There is, after all, little to be said about Sturgeon by way of praise that hasn't been said during his life by his fellow writers: "the finest conscious artist science fiction has ever had" (James Blish), "the finest of us all" (Alfred Bester), etc. But later in "Make Room for Me," we learn more about the departed Eudiche, an alien who has saved Earth from conquest by his own race. He was "imbalanced," we find. "He suffered from an overbroadening of the extrapolative faculty. We call it empathy. It need not concern you. It is an alien concept and a strange disease indeed."

PERHAPS more than any other writer of his time, Theodore Sturgeon brought this strange disease to science fiction. It may be what caused him to view the genre in unusual ways and what in turn made him hard to categorize for critics; of all the undeniably major figures in the field, Sturgeon has perhaps received the least critical and academic attention. He saw the science in science fiction as meaning "wisdom" rather than technology, and he explored themes that other writers would "invent" decades later. He was an unabashed stylist and romantic during a time when science fiction was characterized first by technology and later by social satire; neither was his forte. And to make matters worse, he made people uncomfortable--but more about that in a moment.

Because of his oblique perspective, he sometimes had to look for new words and concepts to express his concerns. Some of his phrases, like the famous "Sturgeon's Law," have become clichés of fandom. Others, like the "Prime Directive" which he formulated for the *Star Trek* TV series, have even entered the vocabulary of management and educational research, and are widely used by people who have never heard of Sturgeon. But I am referring mainly to the peculiar words that he made his own--words like "syzygy," borrowed from biology to become a magical image of an impossible spiritual and physical union; or "infrarational," which he defined as "that source of belief, faith, and motive which exists beside and above reason." Or even "extrapolation," a term he didn't invent but that he used as the title of a story which I guarantee will forever change your notions of what this most overused of science fiction concepts really implies.

I sometimes wonder what readers who came to the genre late make of Sturgeon. The impact of a story like "The World Well Lost" appearing in a 1953 issue of *Universe Science Fiction* is hard to recapture for someone weaned on Le Guin and Delany. Perhaps the most commonly cited example of Sturgeon's being ahead of his time is his use of sexuality and love; how often have I read about the controversy surrounding *Venus Plus X*, with its depiction of a bisexual society a decade before *The Left Hand of Darkness*. And this, of course, brings us back to the question of why Sturgeon, even today, makes readers uncomfortable.

I don't think it's sexuality by itself that is the source of this discomfort. I think that Sturgeon, more than any other writer in the field, was determined to make us aware of our bodies--and as simple as that sounds, it's something that few writers can get away with. Sturgeon's work is full of bodies in strange permutations--bodies that fly and vanish, bodies that can shed their skins, deformed bodies with appallingly sensual hands, bodies inhabited by sentient digestive tracts, bodies that sweat and smell and get dirty and that, one way or another, have to be dealt with. I leave it to some future scholar to explore this in more detail, with footnotes, but for now let me merely urge you to think about how much most science fiction really tells you about the flesh which you inhabit.

AS one of the most sensuous of writers, Sturgeon knew things that the rest of science fiction is still only beginning to discover. As a master of the most important arts of science fiction, he knew things that "mainstream" writers have only rarely discovered. Writers as diverse as Bradbury, Vonnegut, and Delany have learned from him, and any final assessment of his impact on literature will have to go well beyond the boundaries of science fiction and fantasy. In time, there is every chance that his components will fuse.

--Gary K. Wolfe

A New Disciple

By Lahna F. Diskin

[Ms. Diskin is author of *The Reader's Guide to Theodore Sturgeon*, Starmont House.]

On the long eve (just two weeks ago) of Ted Sturgeon's death, I met Radisa Lukic, writer, filmmaker, and new American citizen. Even before his defection from the Soviet Union, *More Than Human* had claimed him as its own. Seven years later, he has "learned and earned" its truths. As he describes how the book has grown inside him and he inside the book, his face and voice give him away as Ted's spiritual son. Radisa is a man compelled to translate the book into a movie. Once Ted had told me about several abortive attempts to do that. Perhaps it never worked because the real wonder of it was waiting for this match. Radisa was utterly and openly enthralled -- like Ted, not in the least embarrassed to show his love. To be worked over by Ted's stories is to understand Radisa's possession. To know the man behind the stories was to be one of many privileged lodgers in his roomy heart.

Radisa was desperate to meet Ted Sturgeon and show him the script he and his wife Emilia had written. He hungered for Ted's blessing and counsel. He said he had sent a letter, but I suggested he talk to Ted somehow -- on tape so that Ted knows Radisa will not be free until he makes the book live out of the peopled darkness in theatres around the world, its own light triumphant in the light of the camera's eye. Talk to him, I said, so that he knows the "fearless communion fearlessly shared" by Lone, Gerry, Janie, Hip, Bonnie and Beanie changed the life of a young man in Russia -- yes, it overcame national restraints. Imagine the other barriers it can topple!

I am sad for myself, and for Radisa because he will never meet Ted, but the book as movie will come to be somehow not only because Radisa is bound to do it but also because we owe it to Ted Sturgeon for giving us ourselves in his characters and their lives, vulnerable and imperfect but seeking, asking the next question -- even better, the right questions -- enabling us to change and learn how to love. All of us owe Ted for his honesty, catching us out and catching us up whenever, less than human, we are afraid to companion the exceptions among us. I am glad for Radisa and us that his connection with Ted, in spite of death, is alive and urgent -- unstoppable.

Readers of Ted Sturgeon who are already his spiritual daughters and sons and those to come find him in *The Rare Breed* where he says, "Life certainly has a way of throwing in complications. This happens so frequently, and in such spectacular ways, that one tends to overlook that from time to time life can,

Continued on page 32.

I HAVE been promising Collins I would return to the pages of his august magazine for some time. I had hoped to make my comeback with some apocalyptic, biting satire, but it is not to be. Two weeks ago I was visiting Los Angeles, attempting to peddle "high concepts" in Hollywood. I was going to do this silly, witty article about it. But instead, I'm sitting at the keyboard contemplating a week of grief, both for myself and for the world of science fiction. It's been rough, my friends.

It's obvious that I'm going to talk about Ted Sturgeon. It seems that I was among the last people to talk to him, last Sunday (May 5) when I received a message from Sharon Webb, who suggested that I call the Sturgeons. "I think he's dying," she told me. "I just spoke to him, he sounded as if he was saying goodbye." When I phoned him in Oregon, he spoke breathlessly, panting between words. I told him that my new book, *The Darkling Wind*, was dedicated to him. I had meant it to be a surprise, when it came out, but I knew it would be too late. Ted said, "I love you very much." "I love you too," I said. He said, "I know." Then he said, "Good-bye." I talked to Jayne for a while longer, but I was barely coherent from weeping. I heard his voice in the background; "Tell him, 'Thanks for the S.P. Phonecall.'" He was still making puns, weakened though he was. Only a few hours after I talked to him, I discovered later, his already critical lung condition became complicated by pneumonia, and he went into the hospital. He died three days later. His youngest son Andros told me, "I was there and it was beautiful."

I had known Ted peripherally for about seven years, and been close to him only for the last year of his life. But I can barely remember a time when I had not heard of Theodore Sturgeon. His is the single most important influence on my own work. The earliest science fiction story I can remember reading is "The Skills of Xanadu," a story so rich in resonance that I based an entire tetralogy on its premise. Another seminal work of his, the novella "Some of Your Blood," was the structural, thematic and conceptual inspiration for my novel *Vampire Junction*, which is nothing more or less than a remake of and a homage to, his book. As always, he said it all in about a twentieth of the time it took me.

I have promised to write a short eulogy for Charlie Brown's *Locus*. It will represent, as befits the stature of that magazine, a more public sort of mourning. Ted Sturgeon was, and always will be, one of the most significant figures in our field, and in a way it is hard not to find one's personal sense of loss subsumed in the far greater awe at a great man's passing. But here in my column I've always been a ramblar. So I want to talk briefly about the week's other tragedies. (I won't talk about how my credit cards all got stolen, although, in this great country in which I find myself, that occurrence means that one's identity is gone, that one simply ceases to exist. The disorientation I experi-

Worst Week of My Life

By S. P. Somtow

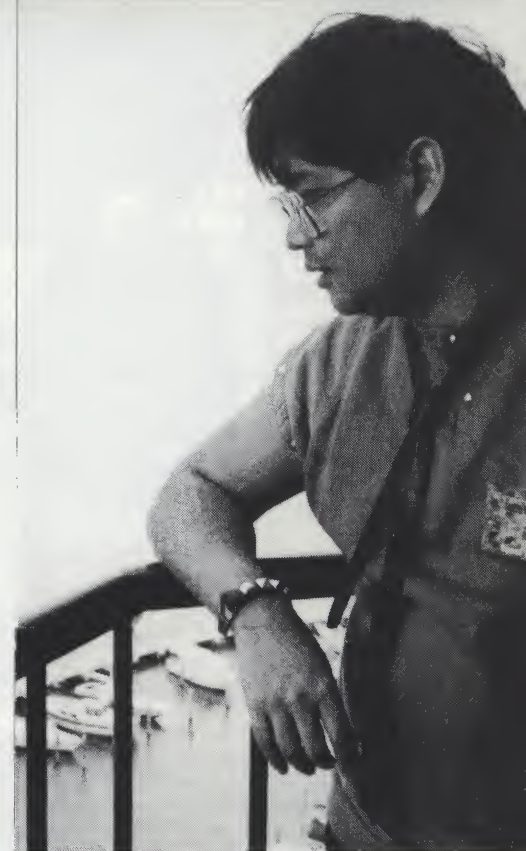
enced from this theft was a kind of disturbing background music to the other, profounder tragedies.)

EVERYONE who reads this column knows who Theodore Sturgeon is, but I think that very few people have heard of someone named Matthew Tabery. He was a seventeen-year-old kid who edited a fanzine in Minneapolis, *The Minnesota Science Fiction Reader*, which actually paid money to its fiction contributors like a prozine. I have corresponded with him ever since he wrote me two years ago. He was a writer of great promise, of acerbic wit and perceptive irony. When I met him a year ago, at Minicon, he showed me a letter from Harlan Ellison that profusely praised his perspicacity and insights, so I know I wasn't alone in predicting that Matt was going to have a tremendous impact on the literary world when he was older. Unfortunately, he didn't get any older. On my return from Los Angeles, I found a message on my machine asking me to call him back; when I did so, his father told me he had shot himself.

It was hard for me to believe that something like this had happened to the boy who had written me this series of brilliant letters, published a respectable fanzine, and been the gadfly-like editor of his school newspaper. Of all the prospective young writers who send me mail, I am sure he was by far the most talented. I can't help wondering what would have happened if I'd been home to receive his phone call. That is one of the hardest things for me, because I once tried to kill myself when I was a teenager and was prevented from doing so by friends. I have not thought about it in fifteen years. I have learned that life isn't so bad, but I also know that I once thought otherwise.

I do not mention Matt because of my personal grief, which is great, but because this is someone who devoted a disproportionate amount of his brief life to our field, and whose passing deserves mention in one of its major vehicles.

THIS brings me back to Ted Sturgeon, because I was really barely grownup myself when, at SunCon, eight years ago, I badgered and manipulated the people running the Hugo Banquet seating into sneaking me onto the very table where the Supreme Deity of my Personal Pantheon happened to be sitting. I had planned all these intelligent things to say, but I ended up rather tongue-tied in his presence. Until Ted himself, perhaps noticing how hard I was sweating, started a conversation with me. I can't remember a thing about that conversation except the excitement I felt. It never occurred to



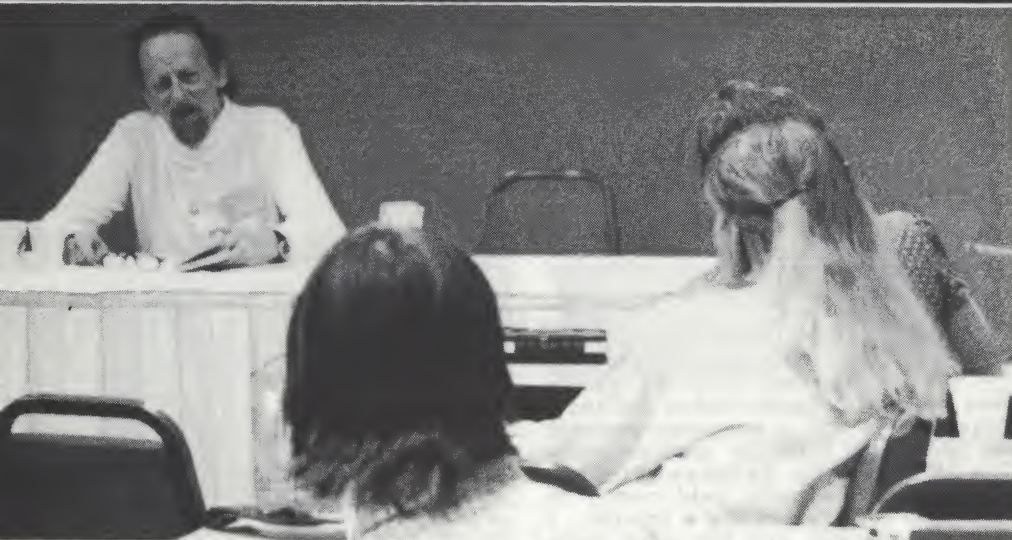
me that Ted would still recall the incident, but years later I heard him say to Jayne, "You know, he was that kid at our banquet table." By then he had become my friend, but the aura of being "More than Human" never quite went away.

Once, before I knew Ted, I had a young friend who was sick. He had to stay in bed, and all he could do was talk on the telephone. He asked me to read him a story. I read him "The Crate," by Theodore Sturgeon. In the story a bunch of kids, and their teacher, crashland on this planet. There is a crate among the wreckage, and with her dying breath the teacher points it out to the kids and tells them they have to take it to the town because the whole world depends on it. They carry the crate through rough terrain, endure terrible despair and hardship, and grow from children into young men and women; finally they reach the outpost, only to find that the crate is empty. The teacher had told them it was important, to give them a purpose, so they'd go on living until they could reach safety. Afterwards, the kid who's narrating the story says of the teacher, "You know, she really loved us."

That's how I feel about Ted. We all have to go on carrying the crate. As many have said, all of Ted's stories deal, in some way, with the idea of love. The same can be said of his life. Ted's love is in that crate, and if we think it's empty, we're wrong, because the things you can't see are the most important things in the world.

--S.P. Somtow

Theodore Sturgeon 1918-1985



TED FIELDS QUESTIONS from Writers' Workshop students at Swancon.

A Belated Interview

By Debra L. McBride

The interview which follows was conducted by telephone late last year, as the series of Bluejay reissues of Sturgeon's major novels was well underway. Ted and "Lady Jayne" had just returned to Oregon from a teaching trip in Hawaii. Ted was promoting *Venus Plus X*, perhaps his most controversial "utopian" novel, originally published in 1960. The Bluejay edition, with illustrations and cover art by ROWENA MORILL, was third in the series.

The protagonist in *Venus Plus X*, Charlie Johns, thinks at first that he is on another planet, then Earth via a time transport device. The natives, the Ledom, say they need an objective look at their society from an outsider, and will return him where he came from after giving his evaluation.

The Ledom are biologically androgynous, have no violence in their society, and have evolved sciences which leave time for preserving handicrafts and the arts. They have constructed a statue of a giant child to represent their theologies --they worship children. There is a harmony permeating the entire society; a sense of oneness.

Johns is impressed by the beauty, harmony, and artistry of the Ledom, until his guide, Philos, discloses a secret; the race was not an accidental mutation, but a race genetically planned, designed, and brought about by our own sciences. Unable, now, to accept the Ledom, regarding them as freaks, John attempts to escape.

After twenty-five years, this book still causes ripples of anger. However, it takes a hard look at human sexuality and how it affects our culture.

"It was never their purpose or mine to have this a continuing species," Sturgeon explained. "But for some reason a lot of readers overlooked that. This

was an experiment to maintain the humanity of humanity. I didn't think that humanity could retain that particular thing as long as the sexes were separated, exploited in one way or another.

"The idea for writing the book came when I saw an ad in a magazine for tire chains. Weed Tire Chains. There was a picture of a girl in her underwear holding a tire chain. I said 'What the Hell is a girl in her underwear doing holding a tire chain?' Pure sex exploitation.

"I tried to imagine a situation where there was no such thing as exploiting sex. The first draft was called *Oyster World*, because oysters are like that; ambisexual. They can switch to one side or the other. And this is basically the same idea Ursula (LeGuin) had when she wrote *Left Hand of Darkness*.

"But then I tried to make that work, and I couldn't make it work as well as the concept of having each individual with organs for both sexes.

"I get all kinds of weird mail on it. From up in Canada somewhere, or the Midwest, a teacher is wildly excited about that book. She orders 30 copies every year. She's going to be delighted by this particular rerun, because it's been hard to get.

"She sent me her senior papers on this. I thought I was being relatively explicit in saying exactly what I meant. But one student thought we were killing all the little girls when they were born; and another thought the whole thing wasn't possible because the Ledom would fertilize themselves. All of which was explicitly explained in the book, but apparently not well enough.

"One of them wrote me an article about 'Homosexuality is not the cure for any social problems.' But this is not homosexuality. He missed that altogether."

"This was not a reader's book; it

was a writer's book. In a whole lot of things I didn't go into particular detail. But mechanically, biologically, it's perfectly possible."

As always, Sturgeon had quite a few irons in the fire; one of them was his book entitled "Godbody," named after the story's main character. At the time of the interview, Sturgeon hadn't sold the book; he said that a sale meant a contract, and that meant a deadline. He refused to put a deadline on "Godbody."

But about the book, he said: "It's my conviction that sex and religion were at one time very much the same thing. In organizing worship, the two were divided; and a lot of the world's ills stemmed from that particular division -- the creation of shame, guilt and so on. It's the only way for a secular organization or organized church to keep their hands on the shoulder of the worshipper when he's not in sight. Godbody is a young guy in the twentieth century who sets himself to bring the two together again. That's the basic theme."

Sturgeon also had several unpublished stories in the hands of his agent.

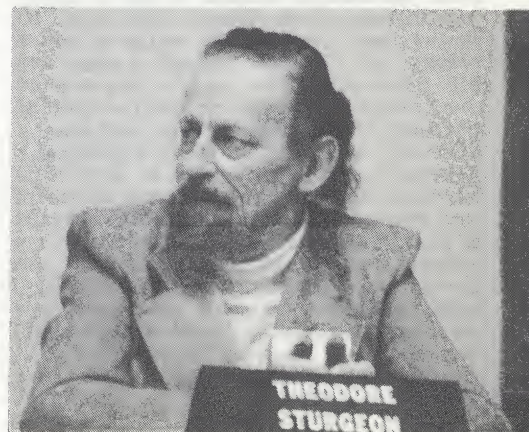
"Most of my time has been taken up recently by teaching," he said. "Jayne and I have traveled almost 20,000 miles this year. One year, almost five years ago, we did about 36,000 miles in six months. We crossed the country six times. We did twelve courses at universities. We were actually looking for a place to live; that was one of the main things we were doing, and that's when we finally settled in Eugene (Oregon).

"Eugene is picture perfect. Really beautiful! My lungs aren't so hot, and the air here is absolutely diamond-clean. It never gets too hot and it never gets too cold. This is what we were looking for. Last Christmas was the first white Christmas they had in 21 years, and the snow was gone by New Year's Eve. The first week of January I saw an old lady with a power lawnmower out mowing her lawn. It's really lovely out here!

"I'm looking out of this big window -- it's a little, tiny apartment we have with a huge window -- and all I can see is the vegetable garden the landlady is giving a manicure to out there, a horse

Continued on page 32.

TED as panelist in Boca Raton.



We Are Hoaxed by Gabby Snitch!

PLEASE, friends! There is no Helen Purcell, there is no Pinetree Press, there are no porno books by Stephen King. King (and I) have been hoaxed, by Gabby Snitch, alias Charles Platt, alias Helen Purcell, plus I'm afraid no less a personage than our own departing Review editor, the heretofore sage and sober Neil Barron.

How come? For openers, I was away playing GoH at the Sixth Conference on the Fantastic in Beaumont, Texas, while the last diskette of copy from California was run and pasted up for **FR** 78. Thus I failed to notice the review entitled "Another Pseudonymous King Book?" on page 31.

Nor did Neil warn me.

Thus I was caught slack-jowled and speechless when Kirby McCauley (King's agent) pinned me by phone for my irresponsibility.

The rest of the story can be derived from the epistolary record:

King Testifies

Dear **FR**:

In the April 1985 issue of **Fantasy Review** someone who identified herself as Helen Purcell offered a brief critique of a novel called **Love Lessons**, issued in a limited edition by Pinetree Press, at a price of \$35 per copy. According to the review, I'm John Wilson. Purcell states that a cover letter accompanying her reviewer's copy says so. Purcell adds her own opinion that I am the author based on style and characterization.

Love Lessons was originally published in the early 70's by Bee Line Books. Although Bee Line at that time routinely put a one line copyright notice on their novels, they were never actually registered by copyright with the Library of Congress. Whoever is behind this scam was apparently smart enough to realize that with no copyright certificate on file, the notion that I wrote this book could not be definitely disproved. The fact is, I did not write **Love Lessons**, nor have I ever published a so-called porno novel under any name. In 1968, when I was an impoverished college student with only three pairs of underwear (who frequently supped on fried Cheerios and peanut butter), I actually did try to write a porno novel. About forty pages in, while writing a scene in which gorgeous twin sisters are making love in a birdbath, I collapsed in shrieks of laughter and banished the project into the oilstove.

I am dismayed at being misrepresented in this fashion and dismayed that no one at **Fantasy Review** asked for a confirmation or denial before running this review, but mostly I am anxious that collectors not be fleeced in such an unsavory business as this one. Collectors of the Bachman novels will know that the secret finally came out because of copyright information filed with the Library of Congress. I deny

Author
ANDERSON, Poul
ASIMOV, Isaac &
ASIMOV & GREENBERG
BENSON, Michael
BLISS, Michael
BRUNNER, John
COOK, Glen
COOK, Glen
COOK, Glen
COOK, Glen
DELMAN & JULIAN
DWORKIN, Susan
ELLISON, Harlan, ed.
FOSTER, M.A.
GREEN, Sharon
HIGGS, Eric C.
HILL, Carol
HOWARD, Nic, ed.
HOYLE, Sir Fred
HUGHES, Robert Don
IRWIN & LOVE, eds.
JONES, Diana Wynne
KAYE, M. M.
KENNEMORE, Tim
KILLOUGH, Lee
LANCE, Kathryn
LEE, Tanith
LLEWELLYN, Edward
MASON, Anne
MAYHAR, Ardath
MC EVOY, Seth
MORRIS, Janet, ed.
MORRIS, Janet
MULLER & PRONZINI
MC KENZIE, Alan
NEWMAN & UNSWORTH
NORWOOD, Warren
PELOT, Pierre
PIERCE, Meredith Ann
POURNELLE & BAEN
REED, Kit
SABERHAGEN, Fred, ed.
SARGENT, Pamela
SIMAK, Clifford
SOMMER-BODENBURG, A.
STIRLING, S. M.
SUCHARITKUL, Somtow
SUMMERVILLE, Jenny
TAYLOR, Charles D.
VASBINDER, Samuel H.
VERSINS, Pierre
WENDLAND, Albert
WESTALL, Robert
WILDER, Cherry
WILLIS, Donald C.
WOLFE, Gene
WREDE, Patricia C.
YOUNG, Robert R.
ZAHN, Timothy

that I am John Wilson, and would caution anyone against buying a so-called "collector's edition" at such scalper's prices where the provenance is so suspiciously unclear.

--Stephen King

Lawyer Threatens

Dear **FR**:

Please be advised that I am Ste-

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phen King's attorney.

I call your attention to pages 31 and 32 of issue No. 78 of **FR** wherein there appears an article by Helen Purcell entitled "Another Pseudonymous King Book?"

The statements in said article attributing to Stephen King authorship of a certain pornographic short story entitled "Love Lessons" by John Wilson are inaccurate, highly libelous and of great

Continued on page 34.

Fiction

Kipling Flies High--Again

Anderson, Poul. **The Game of Empire**. New York: Baen Books, 1985. 288 p. \$3.50 ISBN 0-671-55959-1.

Diana Crowfeather, a cute teenage Kim, just happens to be the daughter of Dominic Flandry. Now that the Terran Empire is breaking up, and Anderson is tying loose ends in his Polesotechnic League-Terran Empire series, we have yet another challenge to stability and intergalactic relations from the Merseians and friends, plotted on the model of (1) the British in India and (2) the Japanese in Asia.

While Kipling concentrated on Kim and said little about the reasons for his spying, Anderson makes sure we understand a complex situation. We see military and political maneuvering, and some laundered results in sophomoric misery; we meet scores of more-or-less attractive races more or less casually (it helps but is not altogether necessary to have read other works in this series) and at last we really do see Flandry himself in action, for at least half of two chapters.

But there are drawbacks to using such a well-known model as Kim. For one thing, the Wodenite, Axor, earnest as he is, simply is not given the intensity of purpose that would allow him to function as Kim's Lama, while Diana is an interesting character, but nobody's *chela*. For another, Kim is effective partly because the plot does not detail the results of Kim's espionage; he worked for a vast, and realistic, organization. Diana and her Tigery friend Targovy (read Mahbub Ali) have to uncover and handle an Empire crisis all by themselves. For a third, Anderson seems on occasion to forget that he is using a model, and then forces a recovery. He's clever, but the patches show. **The Game of Empire** is good, but not great, Anderson.

--Martha A. Bartter

First Come In Last

Asimov, Isaac, Charles G. Waugh and Martin H. Greenberg, eds. **Isaac Asimov Presents the Best of Science Fiction Firsts**. Beaufort Books, New York, April 1984. 249 p. \$17.95 ISBN 0-8253-0184-X.

The problems for the editors were to determine where an interesting science fiction idea did appear first, and then to choose pieces that were good and not too long. They came up with twelve stories, 1839 to 1966, each of which is preceded by a short note intended to establish its claim to primacy.

The stories in order are: John D. Clark, "Minus Planet"; Fritz Lieber, "Yesterday House"; Larry Niven, "Neutron Star"; Edgar Allan Poe, "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion"; Lester del Rey, "The Faithful"; Don Wilcox, "The Voyage that Lasted Six Hundred Years"; Murray Leinster, "A Logic Named Joe"; Fitts-James O'Brien, "What Was It?" and also "The Diamond Lens"; Richard Matheson, "The Test"; Isaac Asimov, "Reason"; and H.G. Wells, "The Land Ironclads."

Unless you have a desperate need for the Clark and Wilcox stories or the bibliographical notes (which fudge occasionally--the editors might have asked Fritz Lieber whether he was writing about cloning, as they claim, or parthenogenesis, which they admit is possible but would not be a first), this book is not recommended.

--William M. Schuyler Jr.

Latest in an Extremely Valuable Series

Asimov, Isaac, and Martin H. Greenberg, eds. **Isaac Asimov Presents the Great SF Stores 12 (1950)**. DAW, New York, September 1984. 319 p. \$3.50, paper, ISBN 0-87997-953-4.

Consider this anthology's table of contents: "Not With a Bang" by Damon Knight, "Spectator Sport" by John D. MacDonald, "There will Come Soft Rains" by Ray Bradbury, "Dear Devil" by Eric Frank Russell, "Scanners Live in Vain" by Cordwainer Smith, "Born of Man and Woman" by Richard Matheson, "The Little Black Bag" by C.M. Kornbluth, "Enchanted Village" by A.E. van Vogt, "Oddly and Idly" by Alfred Bester, "The Sack" by William Morrison, "The Silly

Season" by Kornbluth, "Misbegotten Missionary" by Isaac Asimov, "To Serve Man" by Knight, "Coming Attraction" by Fritz Lieber, "A Subway Named Mobius" by A.J. Deutch, "Process" by van Vogt, "The Mindworm" by Kornbluth, and "The New Reality" by Charles L. Harness.

Even if you have most of these stories in other anthologies--or, more likely in **several** anthologies and collections--you should get this book, too. Looking at these stories in historical context give a sense of how SF was developing. Although Campbell's **Astounding** had stagnated, new magazines such as **F & SF** and **Galaxy** suddenly gave SF writers broader markets and fresh challenges. There's joy in these stories, a feeling that, hey, we can do **anything**. That's true even of grim stories such as "Coming Attraction" that succeed in summing up the dread that lay under the surface of those serene "happy days." Not all the stories are this successful. Not all share the excitement of shattering barriers. But as a whole they suggest that it was a good time for SF, as writers were encouraged to stretch themselves, to write better than they'd imagined they could.

The anthology is a fine installment in an extremely valuable series. Strongly recommended.

--Joe Sanders

Flawed Time-Travel Novel

Cook, Glen. **A Matter of Time**. Ace, New York, April 1985. 268p. \$2.95. ISBN 0-441-52213-0.

A Matter of Time is a competent and well-structured time-travel novel, combining its time-travel premise with techniques and themes from police procedurals and political thrillers, plus a low-key alternative-universe theme. There are occasional lapses on the level of diction, but the story is presented through very **contempo** (and decorous) non-linear plotting, with enough older virtues to hold the attention even of those of us who aren't particularly keen about authors' messing about with time, either as topic or technique.

I'd like to recommend **A Matter of Time** and would, except that the fictional universe here isn't sufficiently disconnected from ours to keep the book from being in very bad taste. A major part of Cook's premise is that some (many? most?) American POWs captured by the army of North Vietnam were brainwashed by the Chinese and sent back as potential Manchurian Candidates in various politically important fields. Some of the brainwashed were retained: "Those chosen to remain forever MIA were the moral weaklings..." (178).

In at least one case, the Chinese were spectacularly wrong (as the plot turns out) about a soldier "Missing in Action", but a "what-if" idea has been planted, and the suggestion--applied to our world--is rather silly and more than a little obscene.

--Richard D. Erlich

The Pretender and the Prophet

Cook, Glen. **With Mercy Toward None**. Baen Books, New York, February 1985. 336p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-671-55925-7.

In **The Fire in His Hands (FR 72)**, Glen Cook chronicled the rise of the desert prophet, El Murid, as he acquired a following sufficient to challenge Yousif, a regional leader roughly equivalent to a duke. By the end of that book, Yousif had been killed, El Murid was in nominal control of the region, but Yousif's son, the neophyte sorcerer Haroun, had escaped.

With Mercy Toward None is somewhat more balanced, following both El Murid in his religious maneuverings and Haroun in his political ones. Secondary characters, especially Haroun's "viking" friend, Bragi Ragnarson, and El Murid's daughter, Yasnid, are more completely developed. Cook also introduces an interesting new character, a con man and charlatan named Mocker. In addition, Cook takes time in this book to more thoroughly describe people, places, and events.

This novel, like the first one, begs some comparison with Herbert's **Dune** series (with both positive and negative results), but Cook's novels have a solid historical feel to them--and with the disappearance of El Murid's "Angel" and the bracelet which enabled him to call down lightning, much of the magic/fantasy element disappears as well. What is

Stark, Unflinching Portrait of War

Cook, Glen. **Passage at Arms**. Popular Library, New York, April 1985. 272p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-445-20006-5.

Passage at Arms is set in the same universe as Cook's Starfisher's Trilogy but the focus is much narrower in this novel. The story concentrates on the crew of one small group of men confined in close quarters under conditions of high stress. In this, the novel is much like WWII submarine novels like **Run Silent, Run Deep** or the German film **Das Boot**.

The SF elements, such as the detailed descriptions of weaponry and battle procedures, add little to the story. The best part of the book is the stark, unflinching portrayal of the crew as they fight battle after battle under gradually deteriorating conditions. It's a perspective not common to SF and makes the book worth reading.

--Keith Soltys

More Mashing, Less Art

Green, Sharon. **The Will of the Gods**. Daw Books, New York, May 1985. 383 p. \$3.50, paper. ISBN 0-312-36185-8.

This is "Jalav IV" or "Mida IV" in Green's Amazon Warrior series and features heroine Jalav venturing forth to do battle among the feuding clans. Green's novels are proof that heroic fantasy can provide a setting for sexual fantasies of struggle and capture which are lusty without descending to the female bondage fixity of John Norman's Gor series.

In variety of incident and just plain fairness, then, Green's books have the edge in the sub-genre of Swords-and-Sex, but they fall far behind, unfortunately, in prose style. Their relentlessly elevated diction with locutions like "knew not" and "knew naught," "save that" and even "naught save," leaves this reader full weary and wishing Green would get on with it. More mashing with less psuedo-art!

--Thom Dunn

A.M.

I awoke screaming
my alarm clock turned me off
and went to work

--A. J. Grimaldi

left, then, is rather good historical/fantasy fiction; and this book should not be the last in the series. Recommended.

--C. W. Sullivan III

The Company Goes Home

Cook, Glen. **The White Rose**. Tor, New York, April 1985. 317 p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-812-53374-7.

The White Rose concludes Cook's trilogy on the mercenary Black Company (**The Black Company**, FR74; **Shadows Linger**, FR77). The young girl, Darling, now the White Rose, has retreated to the Plain of Fear with the last remnants of the Company. She prepares for a final confrontation with the Lady and the Taken, while, at the same time, the enchantments which hold the Lady's dread husband, the Dominator, are being loosened. The possibility of the Dominator's rising from the Barrow gradually draws the Lady and Darling together as they discover a common interest in preventing his resurrection. The novel concludes with Croaker, the healer/warrior preparing to return the Annals of the Company to the Company's first home, Khatovar. The last paragraph hints at still more adventures to come.

As in the second volume, Cook works with a split narrative, but here it is less effective, with the events in Barrowland contributing much to plot but little the theme. Cook introduces new characters and new wonders, and some characters who are wonders, but his energetic portrait drawn in the first two volumes of the complex relationships among the men of the Black Company is missing here. Several of the previous characters do develop in this novel, particularly the Lady and Darling, but strong dramatic tensions on the personal level are for the most part lacking.

Even though the beginning and end are not as satisfying as the middle, Cook's trilogy is well-written, imaginative, above-average in characterization, and sophisticated in narrative structure. Recommended for those who like their fantasy with a bit of grit and for libraries with moderate-to-large holdings.

--Glenn Reed

BUT SUPPOSE A KNIGHT
SHOULD GET LUCKY?
DON'T YOU WANT YOUR
LOVED ONES TAKEN
CARE OF?



Ten-Finger Exercises

Foster, M.A. **Owl Time**. DAW Collectors' Book No. 612. NY: DAW Books, Inc., 1985. Wraps. 251p. \$2.95. ISBN 0-87997-992-5.

In his brief preface, M.A. Foster describes this first collection of his shorter fiction as an exercise in using his "plots, themes, notions and characters in styled settings which intentionally suggest the manner of older writers" he has admired. J.G. Ballard is cited as the source for the "The Man Who Loved Owls," Ray Bradbury "or" Harlan Ellison for "Leanne," Nabokov, Borges and Kafka for "The Conversation" and for "Entertainment," the only one of the stories previously published, Jack Vance.

Each of the stories presents a character who escapes from or is in the process of escaping from a society in which de-humanizing technology dominates the individual. The most elaborate story is "Entertainment," a depiction of a pleasure-oriented society in which each person has the technology in

Nebula Awards



William Gibson
Best Novel

The odds-on favorite, WILLIAM GIBSON, walked away with the Nebula Award for Best Novel as members of the Science Fiction Writers of America banqueted at New York's Warwick Hotel May 4. Gibson's **Neuromancer** also took the Philip K. Dick award for best paperback original, and is among the finalists for the Hugo Award in the same category.



John Varley
Best Novella

Best Novella was JOHN VARLEY's "Press Enter ■," which first appeared in **Asimov's** last May. OCTAVIA BUTLER took the Nebula for Best Novelette with "Blood-child," another **Asimov's** story.

GARDNER DOZOIS picked up his second Nebula Award with "Morning Child," first published in **Omni** in January, 1984, and judged Best Short Story.

For a full list of nominees see FR 77, p. 13.

Continued on page 15.

his home to enable him to create multimedia works of art that draw on the resources of a central memory bank containing what appears to be the entire range of Western music, painting and literature. This story was previously published in **New Voices 4**, an anthology edited by George R. R. Martin, and Foster comments that he still cannot resist tinkering with it. I have not seen the earlier version but this latest incarnation is certainly impressive.

"The Man Who Loved Owls" and "Leanne" are competent if not outstanding stories but "The Conversation," like "Entertainment," is material of a different calibre. Here, a writer creates a character who begins to take on an independent life of her own and eventually becomes aware that she may be a character in a fiction. Although there are fewer of Foster's distinctive descriptions in this story, they have some of the enigmatic and hieratic quality of the futuristic cityscapes in Rimbaud's **Illuminations**. This quality is also fleetingly present in "Entertainment" and whether it comes from Borges or Rimbaud, it is striking.

Apparently, Foster considers these stories to be the kinds of exercises in other styles that musicians and artists often engage in as they progress toward a more individual style. Whatever his intention, they demonstrate a consistency in technical accomplishment and thematic integrity characteristic of Foster's longer fiction and I would like to see him publish more of them.

--Walter Albert

Harlan and the Argonauts

Harlan Ellison, ed. **Medea: Harlan's World**. New York: Bantam Books, June 1985. 544p. \$10.95, tradepaper. ISBN 0-553-34170-7.

In April of 1975, Harlan Ellison convened a synergy of science fiction luminaries to create the planet Medea, moon of the gas giant Argo in the Castor binary star system 50 light years from Earth. Writers Hal Clement, Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, and Frederik Pohl developed the planet's specifications from astrophysical to sociological; their essays together with an artist's rendering by Kelly Freas were then presented to a UCLA seminar of Thomas Disch, Frank Herbert, Robert Silverberg, and Theodore Sturgeon (Ellison was moderator) who hashed over possibilities for story creation before an audience of students and fans. After some "Second Thoughts" in 1977, these writers and Kate Wilhelm and Jack Williamson wrote the eleven Medea stories which have appeared in major outlets over the past decade. The "straw boss" for the project, Ellison, was given the title of Medea's creator by the other writers. And all of these --specs, "jackpot" session, Freas' artwork, audience suggestions, "Second Thoughts" and 300 pages of stories--make this one big, unique and exciting book.

Ellison's enthusiasm at the fruition of his project is palpable and justified, for his book pleases on several levels. The stories are suspenseful and detailed, with Pohl and Sturgeon offering the deepest extrapolations of alien sentience, the stories' main subject. And there is the added interest of seeing the authors deal with the many givens of the setting. Wisely, Ellison resisted a momentary insane (his word) impulse to justify all the inconsistencies in the tales, preferring the "song of friends at work" to strict adherence to imposed rule. The stories, then, appear each in its author's own cadence, and we have the fun of going back to the developmental sections of the book to see these stories germinating in discussion. Finally there is the framing tale of the thousand-year human occupation of Medea and its conclusion. Rarely has the creative process been laid so bare at such length, nor has the problem of alien contact received such a many-faceted exploration. Students of creative writing, then, along with all fans and philosophers will find Medea a golden treasure worth a long and dangerous voyage.

--Thom Dunn

Horrors More Asserted Than Developed

Higgs, Eric C. **The Happy Man**. St. Martin's, New York, 1985. 166p. \$16.95, hardcover. ISBN 0-312-36185-8.

"From its profoundly unsettling first pages," the dust jacket proclaims, "**The Unhappy Man**, Eric C. Higgs's riveting vision of the nightmare underside of the American dream, brilliantly echoes the grand Gothic horror tradition of

Edgar Allen Poe and Roald Dahl." Even given the hyperbolic nature of dust jacket blurbs, this assessment is at best misleading. The opening pages are unsettling, but only because Higgs begins with climactic violence, then reconstructs events leading to it. While the technique is valid, **The Happy Man** depends too much upon the reader remembering that opening horror and not enough on an incremental sense of horror. Events move too fast; characters either change overnight or Higgs's merely asserts a change. And the novel resembles Poe less than King. Structure, style (including King's trademark use of brand names), theme, content--all suggest King. Like King's best work, **The Happy Man** wants to horrify or, failing that, "gross out" the reader.

Unfortunately, **The Happy Man** succeeds at being merely unpleasant. Its sexual content is more explicit than King's and less inherent to the plot. Nor does it convince me that sinister powers operate within America's upper middle-class; when it finally identifies those powers, the novel lacks the resonance of horror associated with King. Higgs's villainies are more venial than mortal, his characters uncomfortably one-dimensional, and his horrors more asserted than developed.

The Happy Man might interest dedicated horror readers: it lacks the depth, however, to draw from a very much larger audience.

--Michael Collings

Pop Art Physics

Hill, Carol. **The Eleven Million Mile High Dancer**. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, New York, March 1985. 447 p. \$16.95, hardcover. ISBN 0-03-070600-8.

Amanda Jowarski, the roller skating astronaut, is a heroine who has everything--a "Wonder Woman" outfit which emphasizes her special wiggly walk and rivets the attention of every man in the Pentagon, two lovers, a cat named Schrodinger, a visiting "Frankenstein" who helps dry the dishes after parties and an advanced degree in particle physics. Only her intelligence, courage, and determination can save the earth from the evil Master of the Universe. She is also a dingbat blond who claims women think better than men. She likes to talk to high school classes on "Aspects of the Unknown" because "the unknown itself was her very favorite thing," she adores the hairy, macho, and already married Bronco McCloud, and she slobbers over her stupid cat. I loathed her immediately.

This has made writing a review rather difficult, because there was also a great deal I liked about this funny and literate novel. Hill has filled a world taken from comic books and pulp SF with some real science, including an awareness that the more we learn about subatomic physics the more mystical it seems. Her improbable cast of characters includes a spacegoing chimp, a gun-toting sheriff, a green alien, a fourteen year old genius with thick glasses, Indians, Russian spies, and even a doddering President who falls asleep during his own speeches; her impossibly far-out plot has an entirely predictable ending.

Will Amanda's courage and daring enable her to rescue her cat and save the earth from certain destruction? Well, of course. Do we care? Unfortunately, not much.

That's the trouble with pop art. Despite its wit, this novel ultimately begins to seem as hollow and exaggerated as the giant hamburgers and soup cans it rather resembles. However, according to the publisher, it is soon destined to become a motion picture. If so, let's hope they give Goldie Hawn the lead. She'd be just right.

--Lynn F. Williams

Too Little, According to Hoyle

Hoyle, Sir Fred. **October the First is Too Late**. Baen, New York, February 1985. 281 p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-671-55943-5.

One of the many stereotypes of SF which cause literary readers to blanch is the "book of ideas." **October the First is Too Late** is purely an idea, a thought experiment (abandoned half-way through at that) clothed in a wretched excuse for a novel.

Pelmen Three

Hughes, Robert Don. **The Power and the Prophet**. New York: Ballantine, 1985. 339p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-354-30353-0.

Book Three of **Pelmen the Powershaper** shares the strengths and weaknesses of many multi-volume narratives. It calls upon a fully developed world with well-developed characters, trusting the reader to connect one volume to another. It is also, however, difficult to read after the three year's hiatus since **The Wizard in Waiting** and the six years since **The Prophet of Lamath**.

Still, Hughes creates intriguing characters and situations: magicians capable of appearing in alternate shapes, animate castles, monstrous creatures, including Vicia-Heinox, the two-headed dragon defeated and dispatched in the earlier books. While the novel tends toward stereotypes (young heroes, beautiful and impetuous queens, evil merchant-wizards, peerless warriors), Hughes' narration is engaging as Pelmen forges alliances among the Three Lands to defeat the evil Flayh, recover an ancient talisman, and restore unity to the land. To do so, Pelmen must either relinquish his power to Flayh or destroy the powershapers' magic itself. Hughes interweaves narrative threads until all logically join. The Three Lands are united, the Talisman is re-forged, but the power to shape is lost--or is it? New powers may be discovered, presumably in further volumes.

--Michael R. Collings

First Novel Needs Sequel

Lance, Kathryn. **Pandora's Genes**. Popular Library, New York, April 1984. 288p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-446-20004-9.

This first novel is set in a future world devastated by the consequences of recombinant DNA research. Evvy, the daughter of poor farmers, is sold to be the concubine of the Principal. With the help of Will, the soldier sent to take her to the capital she escapes and joins the Garden, a communal group of women scientists struggling to deal with the ravages of plague and ignorance. But her new-found security is shattered when

Hoyle posits an Earth in which different eras suddenly co-exist. England remains in the present, but Greece is reliving the time of Pericles, and Russia has been melted into glass by the heat of a far-future sun. Hoyle's characters never once think of gathering this information safely by satellite. Intrepid Britons all (except for a foolhardy Aussie pilot), they merely pile into a plane and fly into the unknown to have a look for themselves.

Back home, Britain is once again king of the world, and uses its new-found strength to end World War I, which is still raging in Europe. After this single use of the one conceivably interesting idea in the book -- the clash of cultures inherent in a world of different times -- he drops the theme and sends his narrator off to ancient Greece and 50 pages of music theory.

The first 75 pages of the book could be chopped off without losing a single significant fact; there are no descriptions worthy of the name ("Fashions can't change too much simply because of the shape of the human body."); holes the size of megatherium defeat every aspect of the plot; and the characters can demean themselves without help from me, "There were one or two women there so it seemed this was to be a social occasion rather than a work conference." (Later he will speak of a translating machine as producing stilted speech. How is one to tell?)

In the end, **October...** is yet another pathetic Rule Britannia fantasy by a middle-aged Briton unable to reconcile himself to the loss of Britain's prestige after World War II. It is a thoroughly bad book. Don't, under any circumstances, buy it.

Free to be You and Me --Steve Carper

Killough, Lee. **Liberty's World**. DAW, New York, March 1985. 238p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-88677-023-8.

In **Liberty's World** a group of colonists leaving oppressive, bureaucratic Earth for the freedom of the stars land on an unknown, extremely earthlike planet after their spacecraft malfunctions. They soon find themselves enmeshed in the complex, violent politics of the intelligent humanoid indigenes. Liberty Ibarra, on Earth an "undocumented" person living by her wits outside the "suffocating cocoon of government protection," must convince the native Hees to help the humans find a place of their own, apart from the Hees, where the dangers of culture shock can be minimized and where the humans can enjoy the individual and collective freedom they have left Earth to find.

One of the pleasures of Killough's fiction, here and in such works as **Aventine** and **A Voice Out of Ramah**, is persuasive characterization. Liberty Ibarra seems quite real, her thoughts and actions consistent with what we know of her personal history and Killough's imaginary future (cf. **The Doppelganger Gambit**). The Hees are also interesting, though less for their personalities than their culture, which may remind one of ancient China. Unfortunately, simple errors of science in the first fifteen pages (e.g. "angstrom units" are taken to be "astronomical units"--p.11) subvert even the most willing suspension of disbelief. Killough's plot demands just too much coincidence, and our credulity -- overworked just in getting Liberty and the Invictus safely landed -- is further strained by the requirement that she learn a Hees language almost overnight. The solution to the human-Hees dilemma, although thematically apt, seems contrived and anticlimactic.

This is not one of Lee Killough's triumphs. Recommended with reservations.

--Dave Mead

After the Bomb: No Elves Need Apply

Morris, Janet, ed. **Afterwar**. Simon and Schuster, New York, June 1985. (proofs) 284p. \$ 2.95. ISBN 0-671-55967-2.

Morris introduces this collection of eleven short stories with the observation that when she first solicited stories about post-nuclear holocaust, there were a remarkable number of stories with elves and witches. Most of these stories were rejected, although three of them, chosen for their merit (Stephen Leigh's "Flamestones," Diana Paxon's "The Phoenix Garden," and Esther Friesner's "Primary"), do lean toward the fantastic. Both Leigh's and Friesner's stories deal with space/dimension/time warps resulting from nuclear

barbarian attacks force her into the company of the Principal.

Lance concentrates on character development to the detriment of some of the other aspects of the story. The character of the Principal, a man driven by the desire to possess Evvy and the altruistic urge to be a good ruler, is very well drawn. But the details of the world he rules are painted in much broader strokes and the background never really comes alive. The story stops rather than ends suggesting one or more sequels are likely.

--Keith Soltys

Nebulas, cont.



Octavia Butler
Best Novelette

SFWA President Charles Sheffield presided over the awards, while hospitality (the banquet and the SFWA suite party.) was directed by F. Paul Wilson. Nebula night boasted a full moon as more than 200 egos gathered at the Warwick, and there were some crazy moments. Harlan Ellison recounted for many the facer he landed on Charles Platt (who apparently begged for it), and polite advances by Novel winner Gibson were forcefully rebuffed by testy Tom Disch.



Gardner Dozois
Best Short Story

Of Monsters, Men, and Mythic Maidens

Lee, Tanith. **The Gorgon, and Other Beastly Tales.** DAW, New York, February 1985. 288p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-87997-003-3.

Did you ever wonder what a gorgon might be like? Tanith Lee has an idea. Do you ever ponder the mysteries of the unicorn, the werewolf, or the selkie? Tanith Lee has, and in this collection of eleven tales (most were published previously), she has assembled a bestiary that is now charming, now chilling. The title story, "The Gorgon," won the World Fantasy Award, and the others are of the same caliber.

Some are based on folkloric or fairytale themes ("Draco, Draco," "The Hunting of Death: The Unicorn," "La Reine Blanche") but, unlike the stories in *Red As Blood* (SF & FBR 15), they are not retellings of classic tales but new scenarios for familiar characters. "Monkey's Stagger" and "Qatt-Sup" can be called science fiction, I suppose, and serve as humorous diversions amidst the otherwise ghastly or supernatural entries. The rest are weird tales, mostly contemporary fiction of the horror variety, dealing with beasts and beastly humans. And the beastly humans in "Meow" and "Siriamnis" are foul enough to leave the reader feeling just a bit queasy, so sensitive stomachs should beware.

Lee is surely one of the premier stylists of our day, and the range of theme and writing in this collection is yet another illustration of her considerable imaginative talents and her uncanny ability to find the *mot juste*. This is recommended for most SF, fantasy, and horror collections. Fans won't be disappointed.

--Susan L. Nickerson

Greek Muse Fails to Inspire Adventure

Llewellyn, Edward. **Fugitive in Transit.** Daw Books, Inc., New York, 1985. 302p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-88677-002-5.

Fugitive is a mediocre story of adventure and intrigue, which takes place mostly on Earth. The fugitive and main character is called Thalia, after the Greek Muse of comedy. She is a native of ancient Greece

blasts, and Paxon's characters include earth-magic tutelary beings as well as holocaust survivors.

All of the stories deal with possibilities of survival after major nuclear attack. Morris's own "Hero's Welcome" is a bleak evocation of desperate measures taken by the remaining inhabitants of Martha's Vineyard to stave off genetic collapse. Equally bleak is Craig Gardner's "Bar and Grill" in which those of "clean" genetic stock are offered companionship, free food, and drinks--but at a sinister price. One of the most positive stories is "Going After Arvig" by Michael Armstrong: a tribe of Inupiat Indians in Alaska painfully reconstructs its ancient heritage with the aid of a captive anthropologist. Ian Watson's "When Idaho Dived," and C.J. Cherryh's "Pots" provide irony and humor. The most elaborate piece is Gregory Benford's "To the Storming Gulf," which blends the struggles of a small group of survivors with the reconstruction of the disaster's scenario by a defense computer; this long piece is both thoughtful and well-paced.

The subject-matter of "Afterwar" is both frightening and depressing. The anthology's main success lies in the power of good fiction to provoke intellectual confrontation with another kind of power--fantasy--of the establishment which may well destroy this very real world. Strongly recommended for public and college libraries.

--A.A. Rutledge

First Full Novel from the Thieves' World

Morris, Janet. **Beyond Sanctuary.** Baen Books, New York, June 1985. 320p. \$15.95, hardcover. ISBN 0-671-55957-5.

With *Beyond Sanctuary*, Janet Morris begins a trilogy set in the Thieves' World, a place established over five collections of short stories by different authors, all focusing on and establishing the world. The main character, Tempus, leaves the city of Sanctuary to conduct war at Wizardwall. The gods have endowed Tempus with prowess in battle, but they have also cursed him, so that any who love him will die, and any whom he loves will reject him.

The blessing/curse combines with his deep love for his sister, Cime, to shape an insoluble problem for Tempus unless, as hinted, Cime isn't really his sister. One of Tempus's mercenary soldiers, Nikos, also has problems: as he struggles out of the soul-entrapping wiles of Roxane the Sorceress, he does not know that she has fallen in love with him. These unresolved problems lead us naturally to the next book.

However, *Beyond Sanctuary* is not yet separated from the Thieves' World series. The first half of the book is a virtual reprint of "High Moon," Morris's long first story for the fifty Thieves' World collection, *The Face of Chaos* (1983). Although a few things are added or dropped, the repetition is so marked that a dedicated fan could start with Part III of the novel, skipping the first 107 pages.

Paradoxically, the top-heavy exposition that is repetitive for former readers is not enough for new readers to understand the workings of the Thieves' World. The novel does not stand alone, in spite of Morris's too-heroic efforts to fill all the gaps. The next two books may well be more successful because the characters are developing well and the story is unfolding in an interesting way. The characters change and grow; their increasingly complicated lives gradually absorb the reader, making him want to know their future fates.

--Patricia Hernlund

Too Much for Too Little

Muller, Marcia and Bill Pronzini. eds. **Witches' Brew.** Macmillan Publishing Company, New York. October 1984. 323 p. \$19.95, hardcover. ISBN 0-02-599230-9.

Witches' Brew is the second book to be published in the Macmillan Midnight Library. Beware, friends, beware.

The publisher touts the anthology as being "carefully compiled," placing "women's horror fiction in its proper historical and literary context," and shedding "new light on the genre as a whole." If this were a multiple-choice question, the answer would be: None of the above.

The book, as alleged, spans nearly two hundred years of women's horror and supernatural fiction with seventeen short stories. Nevertheless, it's a careless reaping of what could have been a magnificent crop. Many of the stories are good,

who has survived for over 2,000 years by world-jumping through Transits, rifts in the infrastructure of space that the alien Aulds use to drive tunnels from world to world. Peter Ward, a dreamy, lovesick scholar of ancient Greek, happens upon Thalia on a Greek island and gets caught up in her attempt to elude aliens, who want to destroy her because her knowledge of the Transits may allow unscrupulous humans to plunder new worlds.

The characters are cardboard and the prose uninspired, but the references to ancient Greece and Thalia's first-hand knowledge of gods and goddesses are a welcome contrast to the poorly explained science of the future. The action scenes which dominate the last half of the book are handled competently, and the ending is, surprisingly, not the predictable "girl gets boy." Of course, ambiguous endings suggest a sequel, but in this case I can do without.

--Kathleen M. Romer

Foiled By Mid-War Crisis

Norwood, Warren. **Polar Fleet.** Bantam Books, Inc., New York, June 1985. 256p. \$2.95 paper, ISBN 0-553-24877-4.

Polar Fleet is the second novel in Norwood's Double Spiral War trilogy. Unfortunately, the book suffers from mid-war crisis. Aimless, it wanders through ground war, space war, snipers, espionage, alien ceremonies, and brief sexual encounters. Most of the first book's characters -- Lucky, Marsha, Mica, Rochmon, Frye, Josiah, Judoff -- return, but none has managed to develop a personality. In keeping with the mid-war crisis theme, the characters are subject to unmotivated fits of remorse soon followed by unmotivated bursts of elation.

The novel has a plot but no plotting. Time and again the author pulls some strange alien ritual, a bit of luck, or quite unbelievable coincidence out of his hat. These pitiful devices are used to extricate the author from the intensely boring situation he has created. They fail.

In all fairness, readers with a good sense of humour might enjoy this book. It is crammed with unintentionally funny passages. For the rest, not recommended.

--Allan Jenoff

and some are, indeed, excellent. Unfortunately, the two writers/anthologists/essayists who edited this volume are not particularly expert in the field. Their introduction is shallow, and the biographical summaries preceding each story are painfully brief. In an apparent effort to present "the very best the genre has to offer," as with Edith Wharton's "Afterward" and May Sinclair's "Where Their Fire is Not Quenched," they've reprinted the author's most anthologized work. In other instances, the editors have included either the only or one of a few macabre stories written by a famous writer. There is a lack of depth of research and an inconsistency of selection which belies the pretentiousness of the editors' stated goals.

And where are Ellen Glasgow and Mary Wilkins-Freeman, for God's sake; or even Margery Lawrence? Elizabeth Bowen? Surely a selection from one of those writers of superior supernatural tales would be more appropriate than the inclusion of a mediocre story by one of the co-editors.

At \$19.95, the price is too steep for too little return. Recommended only for rich people.

--Sheldon Jaffery

A Science Fiction Soap

Reed, Kit. **Fort Privilege**. Doubleday, New York, April 1985. 186 p. \$11.95. ISBN 0-446-32321-7.

In a near-future Manhattan, all of the city's honest residents have fled the island, leaving it to a mob of assorted criminals and revolutionaries. That mob, to be sure, has to have something to turn on to, in this instance the Parkhurst, a huge luxurious building on Central Park West. There, a more select, well-heeled crowd is getting ready to celebrate the centennial of the structure.

Reed operates a *reductio ad absurdum* of the violent contrasts of today's New York; but where she had put preposterous premises to comical use (in "The Attack of the Giant Baby" or *Magic Time*), here she turns melodramatic, evoking revulsion at the sight of the hideously armed teeming throngs of Central Park. The atmosphere is akin to that of A. Offutt's *The Castle Keeps*.

However, the rich she describes with such a wealth of detail do not get better treatment - dividing themselves between the irresponsible, the perverts, the fascists at best they are indecisive, like Abel Parkhurst. The protagonists Bart Cavanaugh and Regan Millane, are outsiders to the building, both finding solutions to their psychological problems (he suffers amnesia and loss of reading ability, she needs to kick the bottle) in the cruel siege they are trapped in.

One wonders if the same dramatic goals would not have been achieved just as well in a different genre: substitute a cruise ship, stranded on an island with ferocious savages.... It is a good novel, but does it contribute anything to SF?

--Pascal J. Thomas

A Good First Novel

Stirling, S.M. **Snowbrother**. Signet/NAL, New York. March 1985. 251 p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-451-13490-7.

Stirling's first novel is set several thousand years in the future, in a post-nuclear war North America, and details the opening stages of a clash between two cultures. One, the Kommanz, combines a horse culture with highly developed skills in the martial arts. Their culture is brutal, individualistic, and militaristic. Their traditions hold that their ancestors, the Ztrateke ahKomman (Strategic Air Command?), had gone to live in the Sun during the Godwar and the Year Without Sun that followed.

The other culture, the Minztans, are traders, farmers, and craftsmen, perhaps descended from farmers, American Indians, and urban dropouts. Their culture strives for harmony within the group and with the land. Although pacifistic, they have just recently begun to train a specialized defense group to deal with the Komman. Magic works in a limited way and is practiced by both sides, with differences depending, of course, on the culture.

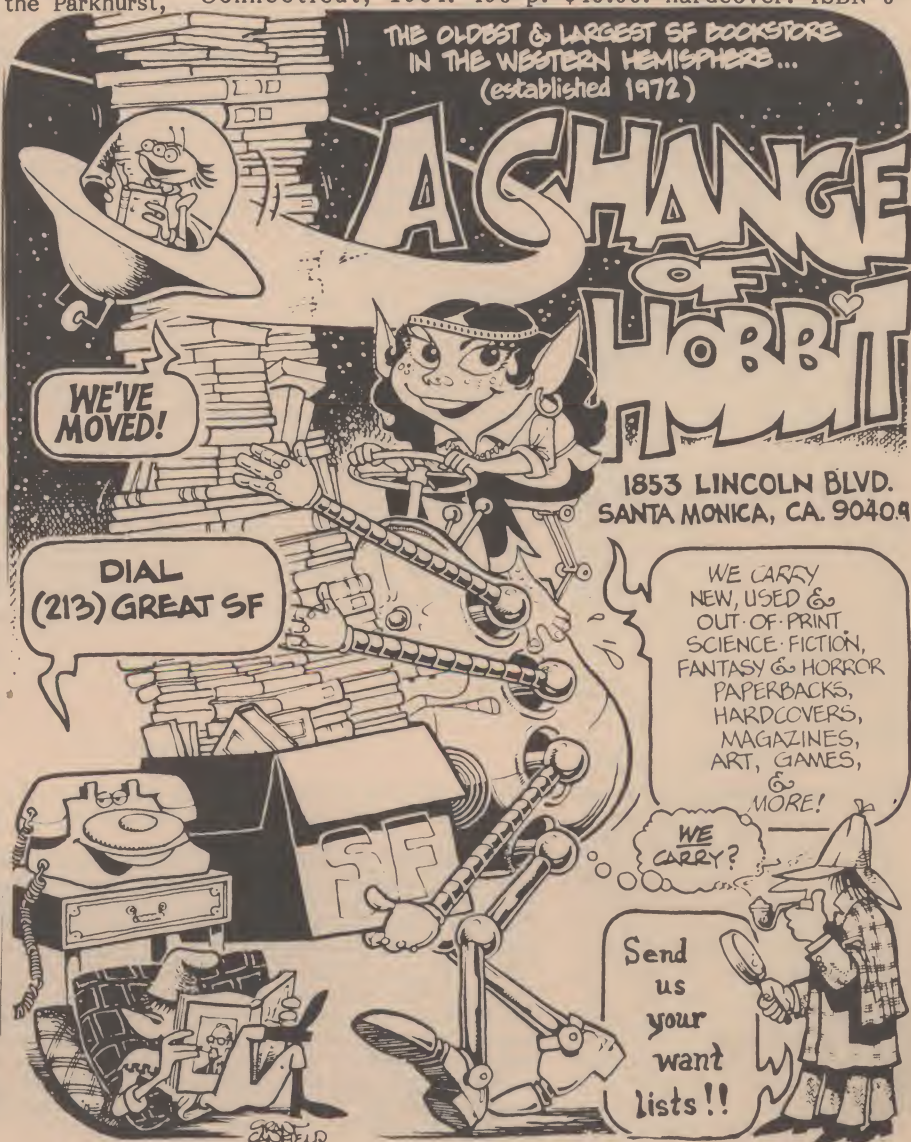
The split narrative presents the tale as seen by Shkai'ra, the leader of a Kommanz raiding party that attacks a Mintzan settlement, and by Maihu, a Mintzan captive of the Komman. Other points of view are presented which allows Stirling to provide background information without interrupting the narrative flow. While this novel is independent, the inconclusive ending leads one to expect future volumes.

Recommended for large libraries. While there is enough spurting blood, crunching bones, and splattering brains to satisfy those who appreciate such niceties, the real interest rests with the changes in and the clash between the two cultural survivals. If Stirling explores this conflict in future volumes, he has what could be an interesting series; if not, then he has produced well-written but unnecessary sword-and-sorcery clone.

--Fred Runk

All-y, All-y In Free

Wolfe, Gene. **Free Live Free**. Mark V. Ziesing, Willimantic, Connecticut, 1984. 496 p. \$45.00. hardcover. ISBN 0-



Not Simply Another "Mad Max" Post-War Novel

Mayhar, Ardath. **The World Ends in Hickory Hollow**. Doubleday Books, New York. March 1985. 182p. \$11.95. ISBN 0-385-18753-X.

Reading the dust-wrapper of Ardath Mayhar's new novel, one is left with impression that **The World Ends in Hickory Hollow** is of the same violent ilk as the Australian "Mad Max/Road Warrior" films. Instead, it is more akin to the family survival philosophies of **Swiss Family Robinson** set in a new frontier: Post-war America.

The bombs have fallen, the holocaust has come, and the world is changed forever. In Hickory Hollow, set in the East Texas scrubland where Mayhar makes her home, the Hardeman family rises to the challenge of, not just survival, but the continuance of common-sense values and morals. The Hardemans (aptly named) were self-sufficient before the bombs fell, having returned to their family farm from Houston when city life palled on them. Because of this they are in an excellent position to make good in the new post-war world, gathering around them an extended family of orphaned children and senior citizens. The book follows the first year of their new life, from the day-to-day details of their own pioneering lifestyle, to their confrontations with a tribe of harridans who have degenerated to looting for survival.

While Mayhar has always been a fine writer, **The World Ends in Hickory Hollow** is easily her best work to date. It speaks from the heart, with a voice much like Mayhar's own in its first person narrative. Recommended to those who enjoyed Suzette Haden Elgin's "Ozark" trilogy.

--Charles de Lint

Basically Berserker Stories

Saberhagen, Fred, ed. **Berserker Base**. Tor, New York, March 1985. 316p. \$6.95, paper. ISBN 0-812-55316-0.

This is billed as a collaborative novel--indeed, as a "stellar publishing event!" It is, instead, just another of those currently popular anthologies where a group of well known authors are invited to weigh in with their own versions of someone else's universe.

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Popular as he is, Gene Wolfe has always been something of a puzzlement. He sneaks up on readers. His writing is entirely lucid and mysterious, simultaneously. Wolfe shows us things, objects, letting us make up our own minds how extraordinary and/or significant they are.

Free Live Free begins as the story of an old man's effort to save his house from demolition to make room for a freeway. To gain some allies, Ben Free advertises free living space for anyone, and he attracts four bedraggled tenants: a fat, childish-but-shrewd prostitute; a short, clever-but-cynical private detective; a glib, fickle-but-lonely salesman; and a mysterious, wily-but-sincere witch. Very soon, in the chaos surrounding the start of the house's demolition, the old man disappears. The others begin trying to find him, motivated partly by concern but largely by greed for a valuable secret he had claimed to have hidden. So far, Wolfe's story feels wholly straightforward, different chapters focussing on the different characters seeming to be no more tricky than a standard mystery-detective novel. As the search goes on, though, Wolfe keeps showing how the characters twist the truth to each other and themselves, becoming more sympathetic and less trustworthy all the time. But it does become clear that their interest in old Free is really bothering some mysterious center of power--maybe the government, maybe an occult force. And so the plot threads unravel and weave together in new patterns, the situations becoming increasingly difficult to account for in any non-fantastic way. The actual conclusion is a bit of a letdown, but then the mystification becomes so complex that any resolution would feel insufficient. It improves with consideration, though: Observing the kind of test that each character fails, readers naturally try to imagine how he or she would have to change. That's where **Free Live Free** stops, leaving readers to imagine how those personal changes would change the world. Wolfe demands that we pay attention, but in return he gives a story that we will think about because we care about it.

Wolfe fans will notice familiar themes, such as the relation of audience (especially children) to performance (especially fantasies, such as the tales of Oz). However, there's really not much point in comparing this novel to other works like **The Book of the New Sun**. That was a unique, startling and wonderful thing unto itself. So is **Free Live Free**. All Wolfe's writings are.

Thus, it makes a great deal of sense that this novel is presented in this deluxe edition. More than simply deserving such stunning presentation, Wolfe's story almost requires it. This is not a book you can slip in to your coat pocket to pull out and read at odd moments. You'll have to hold it in both hands and savor it. Adding to the effect are the striking dustjacket by Carl Lundgren, full page drawings of major characters by Rick DeMarco, and chapter heading sketches by Rich Schindler. All in all, I prefer Schindler's rather cartoony versions of the characters, but each artist's interpretation is intriguing--and each differs from the others in important respects. Not that this would bother Wolfe. He probably will just nod and smile.

Readers should smile too. And savor. Highly recommended.

--Joe Sanders

Magic Music

Wrede, Patricia C. **The Harp of Imach Thyssel**. Ace Fantasy Books, New York, April 1985. 234p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-441-31756-1.

Despite some engrossing characters, a humorous touch, and some slick writing, this latest fantasy by Patricia Wrede is **very** light reading, the sort of entertainment already too abundant: pseudo-medieval sword and sorcery set in the same milieu as Wrede's **Shadow Magic** (Ace, 1982). A minstrel and his nobleman friend come upon a legendary magic harp in a magic castle. Immediately several forces, good and evil, wish to secure the harp for their own purposes and the chase begins. The rest of the novel is concerned with the minstrel's attempt to return the harp to his guildmaster safe and sound, and ends in the inevitable showdown between good and evil sorceresses. It's more fun than TV or Trivial Pursuits, but it's similar formula.

Saberhagen displays considerable ingenuity in his framework compositions, which attempt to tie the short stories together, and which account for any novular features that the book displays.

The best of the half dozen short stories are also the ones which knock off a Berserker with a minimum of new technology. Poul Anderson gives us a bunch of typically Andersonian Scottish-worlders who triumph through the masterful application of Caledonian engineering and strategic skills. In passing, he also explains, by implication, the development of the great 18th Century Scottish Enlightenment. Connie Willis, in the next best selection, gives us a wonderfully irritating group of aliens who raise every instance of social friction into a major civil rights violation. It is not too much to say that they--indirectly--annoy a Berserker to death.

Pleasant as these stories are, they do not justify the price of the book. **Berserker Base** is for those who want complete collections of this type of thing.

--Jackson Houser

Second Rate Simak

Simak, Clifford D. **Le Livre d'Or de la Science Fiction: Clifford Simak** (ed. by Daniel Riche). Presses Pocket, 8 rue Garanciere, 75006 Paris, France, January 1985. 378p. No price, paper. ISBN 2-226-01506-0.

This collection suffers from the duality of purpose of the established "Livre d'Or" series: to offer "Best Of" anthologies of major SF writers with a critical introduction and bibliography, and at the same time to lure the French public with as many previously-untranslated stories as possible. Only one of the eight novelets is this volume has appeared in French before, and it was not in any of the half-dozen collections of Simak's short fiction published in the language.

As a result, all the texts here are minor, and most of the older ones downright dull. "The Creator," which opens the chronologically-ordered volume, would fit right into a 1930's SF anthology, but is no more than a bit of Simak memorabilia. Three stories from the 50's, "Courtesy," "Worlds Without End," and

"The Immigrant," show Simak simply being competent. "Final Gentleman," on the other hand, is a welcome surprise, a conspiracy story as Philip Dick could have done it. As usual, Simak is at his best dealing with a rural background, in "No Life of their Own," and "Silent Spring."

Those stories which were translated by Lorris Murail were well-rendered; the bibliography is competent, the introduction pedestrian. For Simak completists only.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Saurians in Osaka

Sucharitkul, Somtow. **The Alien Swordmaster**. Pinnacle, New York. April 1985. 185p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-523-42441-8.

The visitors take up martial arts and impose pre-Meiji isolation and feudalism on Japan. Sucharitkul didn't strain his brain writing **Alien Swordmaster**, but it is fractionally superior to other V novels, with more local color and characterization, less subplot sprawl, and more humor, most of it black. "She was so hungry. The gas station attendant, perhaps? No, just a snack was what she needed." To show that all is in fun, Sucharitkul named his man-eating villainess Lady Murasaki, after the fastidious 11th century authoress. This book and A.C. Crispin's **V** (FR 72) are the only acceptable novels in the V series.

--Michael Klossner
War is Heck!

Taylor, Charles D. **First Salvo**. Charter Books, New York, February 1985. vi + 311p. \$3.50, paper. ISBN 0-441-23982-X.

Admiral Pratt and his small crew of navy misfits and several agents have a few days to save the world. Things look bleak. The Soviets have provoked a conflict between Turkey and Greece, seriously weakening both NATO allies. Communist inspired peace protestors wreak havoc in Japan. The Russians have more ships, more submarines, more missiles, and a plan to destroy NATO's information network. Against this the Americans have arrayed a wild-eyed group with a desperate plan. Will strength and cunning overwhelm panic and a bizarre sense of humour, probably not.

Wrede has a smooth, facile style, and she inhabits well-crafted settings with interesting people, human and non-human. I grew very fond of the the minstrel because he did not attempt to play sword-wielding hero, just his harp. The story provides some of the same tingle as the lead novella in one of the old **Wierd Tales**, but don't ask me to remember titles. Recommended as an evening's entertainment, but not for libraries.

--Robert J. Ewald

Arabian Nights as SF

Young, Robert F. **The Vizier's Second Daughter**. Daw, New York, 1985. 203 p. \$2.50, paper. ISBN 0-88677-004-1.

Robert Young is an old pro, who has turned out a charming fantasy/science fiction hybrid. Using a time machine to visit the legendary past is nothing new, and the pairing of an enterprising hero and a spunky heroine is no newer, but Young shows that old tricks can make a delightful new pastiche.

Mark Billings passes from twenty-first century America to ninth century Arabia to kidnap Sheherazade. But he gets her kid sister instead and the pair are transported to an earlier time of real jinn and magic lamps. Their extrication forms the plot. Young's twenty-first century isn't much different from our twentieth, but likeable characters, swift pace, and smooth prose make us ignore such quibbles. Recommended for popular collections.

--Joan Gordon

Young Adult Fiction

YA Novel Recommended for Adults As Well

Jones, Diana Wynne. **Fire and Hemlock**. Greenwillow, New York, November 1984. 341 p. \$13. ISBN 0-688-03942-1.

Jones is a British author of several highly recommended books. This novel deserves equal acclaim. It is the story of a college-age girl puzzling over recent clues about her past that don't seem to correspond with the facts. The remainder of the novel is a series of flashbacks as she attempts to recreate the crucial events in her past that have led to this confusing situation. The plot becomes an intricate romantic fantasy filled with mystery, magic, sorcery and intrigue as the girl is drawn into an unusual relationship with an older man.

There is much here to interest the younger reader, especially girls, since they would more easily identify with the main character and her memories of growing up. Whoever reads it hopefully will respond to the message throughout the book advocating the joys of reading as found in Tolkein, Dumas, fairy tales, folk ballads, **The Golden Bough**, and many other works.

Though marketed for younger readers, it is a well-written book for anyone. Adults can appreciate the finely-crafted plot, their own shared memories of the painful process of growing up, and the deepening mysteries that unfold. Reality shades hazily into magic and the lack of sharp distinctions between the two add much enjoyment to **Fire and Hemlock**. Highly recommended.

--Gary Zacharias

An Extraordinary Fairy Tale

Kaye, M. M. **The Ordinary Princess**. Doubleday, Garden City, New York, October 1984. 112 p. \$11.95. ISBN 0-385-17855-7.

Isn't it boring to read about princesses who are blond, blue-eyed, sweet, and destined to live happily ever after with some handsome prince? M. M. Kaye has taken up her pencil against the usual fairy tale to tell of Princess Amy who was granted the special gift of ordinariness by the Fairy Crustacea. Mousy hair, freckles, girlish awkwardness, and a snub nose set Amy apart from her doll-like sisters. She goes out into the forest to play with her friends, a squirrel and a crow [and also with ordinary girls]. Happiness and goodness are her virtues. When no prince wants a plain princess, Amy runs off to a neighboring land and goes to work to earn a dress to replace the one that is falling apart from being out in the forest. Of course, she develops a relationship with a

Taylor is the author of **Sunset Patriots** and **Show of Force**. While hardly a literary giant, he's no amateur at this kind of novel and does produce a fast paced and easy-to-read novel. At characterization, he is hopeless. None of his heroes or villains is anything more than a sad collection of cliches. But this does not matter; the book is about ships not men. Taylor is very much at home describing the modern nuclear and computerized navy. He walks the reader through these vessels and provides detailed descriptions of their destruction.

Readers looking for a thoughtful novel about a possible war will be disappointed. Readers looking for a novel will be disappointed. Readers will be disappointed. Members of the military book club with long train trips ahead of them might like this book.

--Allan Jenoff

Year's Best Fantasy

Here are this year's best fantasy stories as picked by Arthur W. Saha:

"Draco, Draco" by Tanith Lee in **Beyond the Lands of Never**.

"The Harvest Child" by Steve Rasnic Tem in **Elsewhere**, Vol.III.

"Love Among the Xoids" by John Sladek in **Drum Booklet No. 15**.

"Stoneskin" by John Morressy in **F & SF**, (June 1984).

"Unmistakably the Finest" by Scott Bradfield in **Interzone**, (Summer 1984).

"The Foxwife" by Jane Yolen in the 1984 **World Fantasy Convention Program Book**.

"Golden Apples of the Sun" by Gardner Dozois, Jack Dann and Michael Swanwick in **Penthouse**, (March 1984 as **Virgin Territory**).

"My Rose and My Glove" by Harvey Jacobs in **Omni**, (May 1984).

"Strange Shadows" by Clark Ashton Smith in **Crypt of Cthulhu** no. 25.

"A Little Two-Chair Barber Shop on Phillips Street" by Donald R. Burleson in **Twilight Zone**, (April 1984).

"Taking Heart" by Stephen L. Burns in **Sword and Sorceress**.

"The Storm" by David Morrell in **Shadows 7**, and

"A Cabin on the Coast" by Gene Wolfe in **F & SF**, (Feb. 1984).

"jack of all trades" who turns out to be an ordinary king and ends up normally happy ever after.

This is a charming tale to read aloud or be read by youngsters. Kaye herself did the sketches and full color plates, complete with truly exquisite princesses as well as lively Amy and her friends. In addition to the 32 illustrations, there is an introduction by the author now famous for **The Far Pavillions**. Recommended for librarians and parents, ordinary or otherwise.

--Mary S. Weinkauff

Mildly Didactic Fantasy

Kennemore, Tim. **Changing Times**. Faber and Faver, London, 1984. 149p. 5.95 pounds. ISBN 0-571-13285-5. Distr. by Faber & Faber, 39 Thompson St., Winchester, MA 01890, December 1984. \$14.95.

Changing Times is fantasy novel about a fifteen year old girl whose clock transports her back and forth in her own life. Victoria is the beautiful and self-centered daughter of unhappily married parents and her journeys to her childhood and her possible future teach her to understand her parents and to become less self-centered and more self-aware.

Hennemore's characterizations and dialogue are convincing, quite a feat when one realizes that this requires him to enter the mind of not only a teenage girl, but of an eight year old and an infant as well. In fact, this is a skillful adolescent novel, appropriate for female readers ten to fifteen years old. It is amusing, the character of Victoria idiosyncratic and unclined, the fantastic premise workable and intriguing if not especially likely [after all, this is fantasy]. **Changing Times** is a pleasant, mildly didactic read.

--Joan Gordon

Alien Communication Explored for YA's

Mason, Anne. **The Dancing Meteorite**. Harper, New York, October 1984. 214p. \$7.95, paper. ISBN 0-06-024097-0. \$10.89, library binding. ISBN 0-06-024098-7.

Since her parents were left to die on the planet they were exploring, Kira Marden has become the only E-comm [extraterrestrial communications] expert on the station. Only a cadet and kept from the normal educational routes by her mother's ideas about how an E-comm should be educated, she feels strange with her fellow cadets and handicapped by being the only Earthbound [tied to emotions] student. Suddenly she is assigned to the elite group of cadets who are to act as scientific liaison with the superior Vallusian planetary exploration team. The other cadets resent everything as they work with Kira, and she must learn to deal with their feelings as well as her own grief and imagined inadequacy.

Science here is mainly a host of fascinating and varied aliens and how communication is possible between such a variety of types. As such, it is both crucial to the plot and easy for readers to understand. In essence, **The Dancing Meteorite** is a rite of passage tale concerning the acceptance of human and alien difference, of pain and death, of emotion and the lack of it. It is a first novel for Mason, and I hope to see more like it. Recommended with enthusiasm to YA collections and readers.

--Susan H. Harper

Thought-Provoking Novel For All Ages

Sargent, Pamela. **Homesmind**. Harper & Row, New York, October 1984. 278p. \$7.95, paper. ISBN 0-06-25198-0. \$15.95, library binding. ISBN 0-06-025199-9.

Pamela Sargent, best known for her **Women of Wonder** and **Bio-Futures** anthologies, has earned the acclaim she has received for both her adult and YA science fiction. **Earthseed** [SF&FBR 16] was a 1983 ALA Best Book for Young Adults choice, and **Homesmind** lives up to reputation earned by that very fine novel.

Homesmind, gently conceived and gently told, picks up the themes and setting of **Watchstar** [Pocket, 1980]. It is set in a far future, post-holocaust world when horror of a violent past of separateness has led mankind to develop cybernetic minds which can unite them in a net of telepathic

union, a development which has brought peace to Earth. Peace reigns also on the comet world controlled by Homesmind and inhabited by descendants of those who had fled Earth thousands of years before.

The only ones left out of this blissful condition have been the "solitaries," the throw-back babies born without the telepathic ability to hear the mindspeak network. The central character, Anra, is a solitary who is allowed to live only because the comet dwellers on returning to Earth orbit had brought with them the technology of transplants which open that telepathic door. Though Earth people now allow more of the solitaries to live, they isolate them in a colony which stays in contact with the comet people and Homesmind and which might gradually build a bridge over Earth's fear of separateness.

But then the strange comet appears in Earth's orbit, a cold, threatening cybernetic mind that whispers of the end of man's cycle, of the death wish, of extinction. In peril are not only the Earth people and the comet people, but also the minds which unite them in the Network. As Sargent develops this situation, she works with themes of the Yin and Yang of technology, human resistance to change, and the meaning of human experience and promise. Woven into the fabric of the novel is a love story and a love triangle.

The novel is well conceived and well told. The characters are well defined, the narrative pace good, and the content thought-provoking. It builds to a gripping conclusion and leaves the reader with profound questions to stimulate examination of the novel's themes. It is worth reading both for young adults and those young enough at heart to hope for ultimate solutions to ultimate problems. Highly recommended.

--Fredrica K. Bartz

One of A Small Number of Fantasy Classics

Pierce, Meredith Ann. **A Gathering of Gargoyles**. Little, Brown, Boston, October 1984. 263 p. \$14.95. ISBN 0-316-70737-6.

In **The Darkangel**, [1982; SF&FBR 6], the orphaned young serving-maid Aerial freed 13 maidens from enslavement to a Darkangel vampire and delivered him from his bondage to a malevolent water-witch by becoming his bride and performing a ritual sacrifice. In **A Gathering of Gargoyles** Aerial and her husband, Irrylath, have gone to his mother's kingdom, but Irrylath remains distant from his bride and suffers from troubling dreams. Aerial is visited by the thirteen brides who tell her that the water-witch "whispers" to him in dreams and who recite to her an enigmatic rhyme which she must solve by setting out on a second quest. It is this quest which Pierce relates in **A Gathering of Gargoyles** as Aerial attempts once again to free Irrylath from the water-witch by destroying her power over the remaining Darkangels and the countries they dominate.

The Darkangel was selected by the American Library Association as the Best Book for Young Adults in 1982, was a **New York Times** "Notable Children's Book" for 1982, and was a recipient of the 1982 International Reading Association Children's Book Award. **A Gathering of Gargoyles** is, perhaps, an even finer work since Pierce seems to have found her own, distinctive voice and to be less indebted to fantasy writers like Tolkien and C. S. Lewis. As in the earlier book, one of her great strengths is her ability to capture the colors and textures of the physical world and the voyage of Aerial across the perilous Sea-of-Dust is a splendid achievement that confirms Pierce's stylistic growth. Her handling of both the fabulous and human characters is equally secure and the air-borne conclusion is exhilarating and moving.

If Pierce does no more than equal her achievement in **A Gathering of Gargoyles** in the third volume, the three novels will surely be ranked with the small number of enduring fantasy classics. This may be intended for children in the 8-11 age bracket, but older children and adults should find it equally engrossing.

--Walter Albert

Young Resident Vampires Fun, Non-Threatening

Sommer-Bodenburg, Angela. **The Vampire Moves In**, trans. of **Der Kleine Vampirziehtum**, 1980, by Sarah Gibson. Dial/Dutton, New York, October 1984. \$9.95. ISBN 0-8037-0077-6. Andersen Press, London [?], 1982.

This sequel to **My Friend the Vampire** [Dial, 1984] continues the saga of Tony Noodlemann who lives with his parents in an apartment in a vaguely defined city and has become the friend of Rudolph and Anna, vampire children who live with an extended family in a nearby cemetery. Anna has not yet cut her canines and is still a milk-drinker, but Rudolph is old enough to require blood which he obtains from mice, rabbits, and, apparently, from humans although the author carefully avoids any specific description of his feeding activities. He shows a slight interest in Tony's throat at one point and his Aunt Dorothy actively pursues the young human, but Tony preserves his blood virginity in a series of ploys designed mainly to keep his parents from learning that Rudolph, exiled from the vampire clan for his friendship with Tony, has taken up residence in the Noodlemann's basement.

Anna has clearly taken a fancy to Tony, and her portrait by artist Amelie Glienke shows her to be a pretty, bulbous-eyed girl with the pointed ears that seem to be a distinguishing feature of all the vampires. Rudolph looks somewhat malevolent, and if the series continues Tony may have something of a problem retaining his human status. The attractive, funny drawings are an asset to the pleasant text, and older readers might find this series of interest for the skill with which Sommer-Bodenburg has so far handled what is basically adult material in a non-threatening way.

--Walter Albert

Promising Australian Award Winner

Summerville, Jenny. **Shields of Trell**. George Allen & Unwin, Sydney, Australia, 1984. 173 p. [Aus] \$12.95. ISBN 0-86861-737-7. \$6.95, paper. ISBN 0-86861-460-2.

What might have been an excellent book is marred by a few weaknesses. The continuity of action is frequently presented in an unconvincingly elliptical manner [e.g. the children's space bus approaches their home planet, overshoots and passes it in the space of two short paragraphs]. Surprisingly, the characterization is somewhat sexist, with the girl, Lara, presented as the emotional character, who is no good at mechanical things, and the boys, Peaty and Rex, as the computer experts who work out how to fly the ship. The story is, in many ways, a succession of clichéd science fiction themes: the black hole leading to an alternative universe, children discovering latent telepathic abilities, the advanced civilization meeting the primitive, the descendants of a space colony becoming [through generations] a primitive society, worshipping high technology, the old sage who is really a robot...all these have been done before, and often more successfully. There are also a few technical weaknesses.

But I don't think this is a book entirely without merits. It is a pleasant departure from popular space opera and the characters, while stereotyped, are drawn with some warmth; the most endearing character is Radar, the telepathic chimpanzee. The morals which are drawn [morals of anti-war, anti-violence, of a sensible approach to technology, of the basic equality of humans with each other and with other animals, etc.] are not drawn overtly or clumsily, as is sometimes the case with juvenile SF.

Despite being an Australian/Vogel Award winner, this promising work never realizes its full potential but will appeal to some younger readers. Illustrations are by Greg Taylor.

--M. W. Leahy

Lord Of The Cats

Westall, Robert. **The Cats of Seroster**. Greenwillow Press, New York, October 1984. 306 p. \$12.50. ISBN 0-688-03944-8. Macmillan, London, 1984.

In a 16th century France rife with poverty, superstition, and warfare, young Cam of Cambridge, an itinerant jack of all trades, fights against the destiny thrust upon him by a chance meeting. Driven by a knife that hungers for the blood of evil men and mysterious white horses, Cam finds himself among huge intelligent cats, the Miw, who are protecting the young Duke whose father has been assassinated. The usurpers are led by a mad young boy who surrounds himself with cutthroats so vile that they hate the cats who have always been the luck of the city. In order to return justice the cats, led by Amon, also an untried youngster, organize and fight alongside

men and the horses. Although Cam thinks he has found a wonderful pet in the large yellow cat, he soon discovers that his life is in its paws.

The Cats of Seroster is full of intrigue, battles, and convincing characterizations of cats. Anyone fond of cats will enjoy the telepathic Miws and their feisty relatives as they struggle to stay alive. Cam's love for this cat [actually he had two but never realizes it] parallels the love of one of the villains for his pet, kept in spite of their reputed indifference to people--an aspect of the novel that will warm young cat fanciers' hearts.

In addition to the cuteness of the portrayals of animals, Westall has created a vivid picture of the sordidness of the time. Cam and Amon come very close to losing their struggle. The man tries to do things his own rational way in spite of the mythic role thrust upon him, and Amon ignores what he believes to be superstitious foolishness, therefore creating more hardships than necessary for themselves and others. There are many things for young readers to reflect on after finishing this complex adventure. Westall continues to prove himself one of the outstanding writers of fantasy for younger readers.

--Mary S. Weinkauff

Rulers Of Hylor Saga Continues

Wilder, Cherry. **Yorath the Wolf**. Argo/Atheneum, New York, October 1984. 178 p. \$11.95. ISBN 0-689-31060-9. The Rulers of Hylor, v. 2.

Yorath the Wolf follows much the same pattern of development as its predecessor, **A Princess of the Chameln**, focusing on a character who, even though high-born, must go out alone into the world and define himself. Wilder uses this device not only to structure the story but as an effective magnet to attract and hold her readers. Seeing strong characters succeed in leaving a familiar environment for the stresses of a new environment permits them to psychologically rehearse their own "leaving the nest." The rehearsal gives them confidence to face their own forthcoming real experiences.

Yorath, the hero, is a legitimate heir to the throne of Mel'Nir, the only surviving grandchild of the Great King, Ghanor. Because he is deformed at birth, however, he is to be killed because of a prophecy that the Great King lies "in jeopardy from a marked child of his own house." But Yorath is whisked away under cover of a magician's spell to a marshy, rural area called Nightwood, where he grows up far from the influence of the court and unaware of his true identity.

Most of the story describes Yorath's adventures as he comes to adulthood and flies inevitably down the path of destiny. His story is compelling, and the book itself is mechanically better than **A Princess of the Chameln**. It is

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more tightly focused, the characters are better drawn and thus more identifiable, and once underway, it moves quickly and directly through Yorath's adventures. Wilder seems to have better control of both the characterization and the world of Hylor than she did in the earlier book, though some questions remain, to be answered in volume 3.

Nonetheless, Yorath is a well-developed, finely-drawn, and thoroughly appealing character who will make readers care about him. His story is one which young readers, in particular, will find imbued with significance and meaning. Despite some faults, **Yorath the Wolf** is well-worth reading.

--Carl B. Yoke

The Golden Age of SF is 12

Zahn, Timothy. **A Coming of Age**. Bluejay Books, New York, December 1984. 292p. \$14.95, hardcover. ISBN 0-312-94058-0.

Human society on planet Tigris is organized around the psi powers that all of its children possess. Until they reach puberty - "Transition," as the book has it -- they can levitate and move objects by telekinesis, which makes them potential dangers for psi-deprived grown-ups. Still living in the fear of the dark years when the development of the abilities in the first colonists' children caused general chaos, adults have set up a system where children are kept busy, productive and ignorant, until the teen Transition strikes.

This makes the children into pawns for everybody from scientists to criminals. The novel itself is a crime story, a thriller in the sense that we follow the progress of the detective's inquiry while knowing all along who the culprit is. The writing is serviceable, the characters satisfactorily delineated, the book reads fast and pleasurably.

But do not look for originality here; in a sense Zahn takes SF back forty years, and his product is very much like Asimov's (**Caves of Steel** comes to mind). Being able to reproduce today the energy of such works is no mean feat, but not unheard of. Ideologically, the novel participates in SF's fascination for young geniuses, both directly in the over-bright character of Lisa, and through the adult-pretend relationship in the society it describes. Since its main question is "What happens when you grow up?" (it is "clean" enough to be a juvenile) it should make excellent reading for "young adults." Recommended for libraries.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Non-Fiction

Another Fannish Survey

Benson, Michael. **Vintage Science Fiction Films, 1896-1949**. Jefferson, N.C. & London: McFarland & Co., 1985. 219p. \$18.95. ISBN 0-89950-085-4.

Michael Benson's **Vintage Science Fiction Films, 1896-1949** is outfitted with an index, an annotated bibliography of secondary sources, and a filmography of almost 400 films, and presented in a plain green binding that suggests a no-nonsense approach to the subject. However, this stern, critical appearance is deceptive since the narrative history of silent and sound films and serials that comprises about two-thirds of the book is a chatty series of often humorous plot resumes, production information, and capsule actor critiques ("dandy Jon Hall," "the forgettable Allen Jenkins," "adorable Maureen O'Sullivan") that make the book moderately entertaining on a first reading but hardly qualify as informed critical commentary.

There is no introduction and, thus, no statement of Benson's principal sources or the criteria for inclusion or exclusion, but in addition to futuristic films he includes films with inventors of serums, weapons and machines unknown to "modern science," and with scientists/doctors experimenting with dead and living bodies of both humans and animals/insects/reptiles. This allows him to devote a considerable amount of space to the Universal horror film cycle, in particular **Frankenstein** and its numerous spawn, a subject I would have thought was treated in more than sufficient detail in Mank's **It's Alive** (Barnes, 1981), thus making it unnecessary to give extended plot summaries as Benson does. Benson lists the Arno Press **New York Times Directory of the Film (1971)** with the comment that this guide was "used

too numerous to list individually." This cryptic--and syntactically incomprehensible--annotation leads one to suspect that this was a principal source but in the casual manner of too many genre fans masquerading as historians Benson seems to consider footnotes, a statement of purpose, principal sources, and material excluded and included as dispensable exercises in academic nit-picking. The bibliography does direct the user to some sources but a bibliography which pretends to be critical (it is, after all, annotated) but which fails to list Philip Strick's fine **Science Fiction Movies** (Octopus, 1976) and includes Jeff Rovin's **A Pictorial History of Science Fiction Films** (Citadel Press, 1975) with no comment on its major defects cannot be recommended.

It is difficult to imagine what audience this book can serve. There is almost no visual material -- the few stills included are not rare; it is not a solidly researched and presented historical survey; and although the "unportentious" writing might recommend it to the fan public, it is too expensive and too bare to attract them. And, finally, I have no idea what is meant by a "vintage" film. Students in my film courses tend to consider anything in black-and-white or that predates their meager experience as vintage and from my ancient viewpoint I would have thought it more appropriate for silents or early sound films. But I must compliment Mr. Benson for including one of my favorite "B" films of the forties, **Night Monster**, although I would liked to have seen some mention of that series of horrific moments created by the adroit use of croaking frogs.

--Walter Albert

Blurry Vision of De Palma

Bliss, Michael. **Brian De Palma** Scarecrow Press, 52 Liberty St., Metuchen, NJ 05540, 1983. 176p. \$13.50. ISBN 0-8108-1621-0.

This survey of Brian De Palma's career from his first commercial film, **Greetings** (1968) through **Blow Out** (1981) offers a pretty clear example of both the virtues and vices of current academic film criticism--the virtues being an insightful, detailed analysis of the director's "filmic" excellencies, the vices being an ignoring of almost every other aspect of the movies in question. After an awkward "Introduction," in which he apologizes for his "linear" approach to film criticism, Bliss settles down to a plodding but interesting picture by picture discussion of De Palma's work, his intention being to "avoid unnecessary confusion and categorization of De Palma's films by treating each of them as an integral, self-contained text." This approach works well in explaining De Palma's techniques, particularly his manipulation of visual and verbal imagery to reinforce character and theme. Bliss gives us a thorough delineation of both De Palma's surfaces and his subtexts. What we do not get is a sense of De Palma as a storyteller. The separate observations do not coalesce to give us a sense of the whole film; the individual chapters do not quite add up to a satisfying overview of his subject's career.

And because Bliss says so little about plotting, character development and interaction, and performance--the "non-cinematic" elements of filmmaking--he does not come to terms with--or apparently even see--the basic problem, De Palma's weakness in the construction of generally satisfying whole films, as against brilliant sequences, scenes, and individual shots. Because he concentrates so narrowly on the exclusively filmic elements in De Palma's work, Bliss does not appreciate the fact that less cinematically astute observers think **Obsession** (1976) and **Blow Out** to be long dull movies, despite brilliant beginnings and endings, and that viewers expecting fully developed coherent story lines find the second half of **Dressed To Kill** (1980) contrived and self-indulgent.

Perhaps the flaw in Bliss's approach can best be seen in his handling of the sources of De Palma's films. Except for his introductory discussion of "The Hitchcock Connection," Bliss gives the impression that De Palma's movies spring full grown from the director's head. Yet **Carrie** (1976) and **The Fury** (1978), the two films that may be De Palma's best and are certainly his most coherent, are relatively faithful adaptations of major horror/SF novels. Bliss cannot ignore King, so he dismisses the novel as "poorly written (with sketchy characterizations and awkward dialogue) and

Food For Filk Song Fans

Brunner, John. **A New Settlement of Old Scores.** NESFA Press, Box G, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, MA, 02139, September 1983. [viii] + 67p. \$8.00 + \$1.00 shipping, comb binding. ISBN 0-915368-26-9. \$8.00 + \$1.00 shipping, paper. ISBN 0-915368-22-6.

This collection of Brunner's filk songs was published by NESFA for the 41st worldcon, ConStellation, as the society's Guest of Honor book. Reproduced in neat music calligraphy by Theresa Renner, illustrated by 21 fan artists, the 32 songs are Brunner's protest songs, con-songs and satirical songs, all collected and printed together here for the first time as a group. The tunes, generously "filched" from British traditional folk sources (except for one original tune), may be as easy to learn as they are to forget. Memorability must come from the verses Brunner has penned. Though there are the usual bits of pure doggerel, the rest of the songs are quite strong. There are pleas for peace, disarmament, humanism, and for the understanding of the SF fan as a cultural phenomenon (satirically done, naturally). Brunner's many fans and the admirers of filk song will appreciate the convenience of the collection. As for others, it is interesting and nicely done, but can't be termed an essential purchase.

--Susan H. Harper

De Palma Dissected

Dworkin, Susan. **Double De Palma: A Film Study with Brian De Palma.** Newmarket Press, 3 E. 48th St, New York, N. Y. 10017, November 1984. 212 p. \$14.95. ISBN 0-937858-42-0. \$8.95, paper. ISBN 0-937858-43-9.

Dworkin, author of **Making Tootsie**, and a playwright, provides a close look at Brian De Palma's 1984 film, **Body Double**, blending with an interview with De Palma [1944-] her observations during the shooting of **Body Double**, and comments from the cast and crew.

Dworkin prefaces her study with a brief history of De Palma's films from **The Wedding Party** [1968], the stepping stone for Robert De Niro, who starred in the film along with Jill Clayburgh and

unconvincing"--and then goes on to credit De Palma with all kinds of insights that are clearly in the original (one has to wonder if Bliss really did read the novel). John Farris fares even worse. Although he also wrote the screenplay, Farris's name is not mentioned in the text nor is the fact that his novel was the basis for the movie even alluded to. This is not to ignore De Palma's brilliant handling of the two books, only to point out that De Palma was building on the received vision, not starting from scratch.

To do his best work De Palma needs a good story and a good script. Left completely to his own devices, he creates marvelous shots, scenes, and sequences, but not whole movies. **Sisters** (1973), **The Phantom of the Paradise** (1974), and **Dressed to Kill** are wonderfully entertaining, if flawed films, and there are moments of considerable power in **Obsession** and **Blow Out**, but all of them suffer from a fundamental lack of balance and design. Perhaps De Palma has not yet learned one of the fundamental lessons of his master, Alfred Hitchcock: begin with a good story from a first rate author, commission a screenplay from the very best writer available, and only then apply your own vision and virtuosity to the project. Bliss is so enamored by the cinematic brilliance of his subject that he cannot see the flaws in the director as storyteller.

--Keith Neilson

Subliterate Sludge

McEvoy, Seth. **Samuel R. Delaney.** Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., Inc., New York, x + 142p., \$12.95/6.95. hardcover/tradepaper, ISBN 0-8044-6462-6.

On the second page of McEvoy's **Samuel R. Delaney**, we can read: "Even when attending the prestigious and progressive private school of Dalton, dyslexia was not yet known as a brain dysfunction." I was tempted to let this quotation stand as the complete review of this disaster of a book, but more remains to be said.

Repetitive, superficial, incompetently written and edited (not to mention lacking any sense of an audience), this book also displays a towering ignorance of all previous serious criticism of Delaney's works. Its only value, indeed, and one which the author does everything in his considerable power to negate, lies in the biographical facts which Delaney generously gave to McEvoy, facts which he then misuses at every turn to apply a reductionist biographical analysis to Delaney's subtle and complex fictions. And these simplex analyses are always **at the expense of other possible readings of Delaney's** multiplex and formally innovative writings.

One of the delights of reading Delaney is that his style, though often complex and demanding, always rewards his readers with insights and a sense of just how much the language of fiction can do in the hands of someone who loves its play. One of the many drudgeries of reading McEvoy is that his style, though intellectually simple, is so full of common errors and obfuscations it obscures even the plainest points he wishes to make--about the social relevance of Delaney's novels, for example. Indeed, [the only writing worth reading in this volume is contained in the many quotations from Delaney; the rest is sludge.]

This volume is part of Frederick Ungar's "Recognitions" series, and I can't, for the life of me, figure out who its audience might be. Any serious reader, let alone student, of SF will find it superficial, offering as analysis less than they already know from reading Delaney's works. Meanwhile, the reader must put up with McEvoy's continual exclamation points, suggesting the immense importance of such puerile statements as: "One of the puzzling things about ancient Greek playwrights is that they would produce a trilogy of plays that were on a serious theme, which they called a tragedy, and then would always have a fourth play called a comedy, which parodied the first three, and the four were always put on at the same festival, in that order!"

Again I ask, who is this aimed at? It was not aimed at me, and I wish it had missed me. If the rest of the **Recognitions** texts are as poorly written, researched, and edited as this one, they are to be **avoided at all costs.** Samuel R. Delaney deserves far better than this.

--Douglas Barbour.

Charles Pfluger. Dworkin provides more details about De Palma's later films, such as **Carrie**, **Dressed To Kill**, **Blow Out**, and the very controversial and violent film, **Scarface**, starring Al Pacino.

Dworkin has a different chapter for each segment of the movie. Her interview with De Palma illuminates his somewhat reclusive character and some of the unusual ways he relates to his cast and crew. Dworkin explores most fully the evolution, casting and scripting of a pornographic movie within the total film, especially his use of sexuality as an index of character.

Dworkin provides detailed and fascinating accounts of key sequences in **Body Double**, but these are comprehensible only to one who's seen the film. Thirty unnumbered pages of b & w production photos supplement the text. She shows that De Palma's artistic vision transcends the sex and violence characteristic of all of his films and which have made him suspect in the eyes of many critics. A useful if rather specialized account of a controversial director whose appeal will be to more thoughtful fans of horror cinema and large film collections.

--Jon Jensen



McCarthy Goes to Bantam

SHAWNA MCCARTHY, editor of **Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine** since the resignation of George Scithers three years ago, has moved over to Bantam Books, where she replaces LOU ARONICA as Science Fiction Editor.

ARONICA has moved up the Bantam hierarchy, after launching the new Bantam-/Spectra SF line.

McCarthy won a Hugo from fans last year as Best Professional editor.

A Solid, Factual Appreciation

McKenzie, Alan. **The Harrison Ford Story**. Zomba Books, London, May 1984. 109p. 4.95 pounds, paper. ISBN 0-946391-34-3. Priam Books/Arbor House, New York, August 1984. \$7.95, paper. ISBN 0-87795-667-1.

Alan McKenzie, British film critic and editor of **Starburst** magazine had produced a pleasantly mundane account of Ford's rise to fame and fortune, along with interesting descriptions of the productions in which he appeared, plot outlines of the films themselves, and oodles of black and white pictures, mostly stills from the movies. It is a solid, economical, factual appreciation that accurately assesses Ford's skills and contributions, without making extravagant claims for its subject or the films in which he has appeared. The fangush is minimal and the "analyses" are confined to relevant quotations from critics, directors, fellow actors and Ford himself. Thus, while it may raise no profound critical points or answer few questions about Art, Life, or even the deepest secrets of its subject, **The Harrison Ford Story** is a useful factual book for anyone interested in contemporary adventure films.

--Keith Nelson

Destinies and Manifestoes

Pournelle, Jerry, and Baen, Jim, eds. **Far Frontiers** (Volume II/Summer 1985). Baen Books, New York, April 1985. 319 p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-671-55954-0.

Far Frontiers takes up where Jim Baen's **Destinies** left off, offering roughly the same mix of stories in the "hard SF" vein and space advocacy articles. Book reviews are done by Richard Geis, who likes a good adventure yarn; each story is chattily introduced by Jerry Pournelle.

Those introductions create a theme issue on nuclear war, out of Brunner's and Bova's stories. Both suffer from didacticism, their characters being little more than mouthpieces for various points of view. But the longer piece by Brunner can be saved for superior writing and substance. Gordon Dickson contributes another novella, and since it is part of his Aalaag invasion cycle, it too is distantly relevant to the theme (as domination by a foreign power is the perceived alternative to the arms race). It would be good if it did not read like an installment out of a novel, in which it belongs.

Some good short stories are penned by names unknown to me; Rory Harper in "Petrogympsies" competes with John Varley in the field of zoologic engineering, and John Park with "The Software Plague" writes a fine evocation of a computer-heavy future, not unlike Bruce Sterling's.

The non-fiction is space-enthusiastic, but run of the mill and predictable. While **Far Frontiers** may provide an alternative to **Analog**, this issue is not a memorable one.

--Pascal J. Thomas

A Valuable Source Study of Frankenstein

Vasbinder, Samuel Holmes. **Scientific Attitudes in Mary Shelley's Frankenstein**. UMI Research Press, Ann Arbor, MI, September 1984. 111 p. \$24.95. ISBN 0-8359-1580-9. Studies in Speculative Fiction No. 8.

This is a reworked version of Vasbinder's 1976 doctoral dissertation for Kent State and surveys Shelley's systematic reading of such thinkers as Condillac, Priestley, Erasmus Darwin, and Sir Humphry Davy in order to ascertain how much of the novel's alleged "science" is accurate and current. Vasbinder seeks to answer the question, to what extent can the novel be understood not simply as an early example of science fiction growing out of a declining Gothic tradition but as a philosophically precise work whose speculative science is also scientific? Vasbinder's thesis is carefully and clearly pursued and his findings are based on some painstaking research including a close investigation of the primal text, the manuscript of the 1818 edition of the novel. He discovers that Victor Frankenstein's attitudes and procedures in the construction of an artificial being "are strongly Newtonian, not just 'scientific-looking,'" thus verifying the study's major claim that "Mary was already familiar with the scientific elements she used and knew more about scientific matters and was more interested in these matters than she is generally given credit for."

Vasbinder has arranged his materials into seven

chapters each designed to show not simply the pervasive presence of accurate and up-to-date scientific knowledge in **Frankenstein**, but the thematic reasons behind Mary Shelley's learned and accurate portrayal of the new scientist. Chapter two places Mary Shelley's work in the emergent tradition of intellectual fiction and responds to skeptical critics such as James Rieger ["Dr. Polidori and the Genesis of Frankenstein"] and Christopher Small [**Mary Shelley's Frankenstein: Tracing the Myth**] who see the science of **Frankenstein** as meretricious or as a dark metaphor for her mythic view of the destructive power of the overreaching intellect. Independently useful to researchers is Vasbinder's fourth chapter, "The Literature on Artificial Human Beings Prior to 1818." There are very few errors of any sort in any of the chapters and the scholar who is aware of the volume of **Frankenstein** criticism has to look very hard to find the slightest slip. On page 25, Martin Tropp's monograph, "Mary Shelley's Monster: A Study of **Frankenstein**," is cited as an unpublished dissertation, but Tropp's dissertation was published by Houghton, Mifflin in 1976. This type of minor error suggests the need for more thorough updating of the dissertation.

Unpretentious, straightforward, and valuable as a source study, Vasbinder's dissertation deserves a place in the expansive secondary literature on a novel which has continued to haunt the critics since its first publication in 1818. Usefully supplementing the text is an index of topics and titles and a bibliography of criticism on **Frankenstein** as well as the history of science. Recommended for graduate and undergraduate levels of readership and libraries serving these levels.

--Frederick S. Frank

Self-reflexive SF

Wendland, Albert. **Science, Myth, and the Fictional Creation of Alien Worlds**. UMI Research Press, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106, November 1984. 200 p. \$29.95. ISBN 0-8357-1608-2. Studies in Speculative Fiction No. 12.

Wendland's revision of his 1980 University of Pittsburgh thesis distinguishes between SF in the "conventional mode" and SF in the "experimental mode." The distinction, although the author occasionally offers a disclaimer, is invidious. Conventional SF does "not raise new issues"; its ideas "reinforce the reader's self-esteem" which is founded on "images of unlimited power and space travel." These images represent the "wish-fulfillments" of the status the reader craves and believes is rightfully his. In this mode, SF "supports only its particular group and not all of humanity."

SF in the experimental mode is socially more utilitarian; it is a mirror in which the dialectic "interplay between the subject and the object" involves the reader in an extended and serious examination of self and society.

The remainder of Wendland's text explores this division in relation to works by such writers as Clement, Anderson, Anthony, Lem, Clarke, Niven, Leiber, Aldiss, Russ, Wolfe, Bradbury and Ballard.

Wendland remarks that the revision of his thesis was more stylistic than substantive, and his text does avoid most of the pitfalls associated with the dissertational style. He includes a useful, but unannotated, bibliography. His modes of SF, if not his terminology, will strike most readers of SF as familiar, but his rationale for the divisions is thoroughgoing and provocative. One could wish he had concentrated more on detailing the presumed virtues of "experimental" SF and spent less time sniping at the readership he associates with "conventional" SF. This halfhearted polemic is a distraction from the strengths of his thesis, and is too weakly developed to have a dialectic function. Considering price and content, this is a book for specialists and large libraries.

--Glenn Reed

Willis Marches On

Willis, Donald C. **Horror and Science Fiction Films III**. Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, New Jersey, October 1984. xiii + 335 p. \$25. ISBN 0-8108-1723-3.

Willis's first volume [1972] had 4400 entries; his second [1982] 2350. Volume three has 760, including all titles released from late 1981 to late 1983 [even the rock video

Derleth in Brief

Howard, Nic, ed. **Masters of Fantasy 2: August Derleth**. British Fantasy Society, Birmingham, September 1984. 24 p, 0.50 pounds 1.50, paper, no ISBN. [Available from Peter Coleborn, The British Fantasy Society, 46 Oxford Road, Acocoks Green, Birmingham B27 6DT, England, overseas price \$2.50 postpaid.]

This well-produced booklet is a useful introduction to the life and work of August Derleth, aimed at those who cannot obtain, or cannot afford, any larger volume on the subject. The biographical essay by Nic Howard is good and interesting, as is the excerpt from one of Derleth's semi-autobiographical stories, "The Stuff of Dreams." There is a bibliography which is accurate but too skimpy to be valuable. This item is intended for general fantasy collectors rather than for libraries.

--Chris Morgan

Trekking Along Together

Irwin, Walter, and G.B. Love, eds. **The Best of Trek #8**. (From the Magazine for Star Trek Fans.) NAL Books (Signet), New York. 1985. 221 p. \$2.95, paper. ISBN 0-451-13488-5.

Devoted fans of **Star Trek**, who can never get enough information and/or speculation regarding every possible aspect of the famous TV and movie series, will undoubtedly love this book. Those of us who are somewhat less enamored of the whole thing are more likely to find that the book, like the magazine from which these articles are drawn, tells us a good deal more about **Star Trek** than we care to know.

Still, it is only fair to add quickly that the pieces in the book are, for the most part, intelligently written (the last quarter of the book is made up mostly of letters from fans) and one or two of them might interest anyone with a fondness for science fiction. These are the three reviews of the latest **Star Trek** movie, including one by the editors. They are all sufficiently detailed and thoughtful to make me want to go see **The Search for Spock**. Along with them are a short parody, a speculation on what kind of a cadet Capt. Kirk was as a boy, and the results of a poll of fans.

Thriller], new discoveries from before 1981 and additions to entries from the first two volumes. In many cases, a film's critical annotation is in volume three, while the film's credits are in volume one or two and are not repeated in volume three. Including appendices and addenda, there are nine alphabetic sequences to search in the set. Most entries include references to other printed sources, including periodical reviews--a valuable feature.

As the number of entries per volume has shrunk, the length of Willis's annotations has grown, from a line or two in volume one to ten or fifteen lines in volume two. In volume three, half a page is devoted to the average piece of dreck and two pages to an important film. Willis is often brilliant at discovering significant details in apparently trivial material, but he too often arrives at unreliable conclusions. He seriously underrates several good films, including **Bride of Frankenstein**, **Things to Come**, **The Thief of Baghdad** [1940], **Cat People** [1942], **A Christmas Carol** [1951], **War of the Worlds**, **Kwaidan**, **The Seventh Seal**, **The Wicker Man** and **Alien**. Willis shares with Queen Victoria the irritating habit of underlining several words in most paragraphs.

Libraries wanting a nearly complete filmography to update Walt Lee's **Reference Guide to Fantastic Films** [1974] should consider the Willis set, and committed fantastic film buffs will want to consult his annotations. However, general libraries that need only a selective critical guide should prefer Phil Hardy's **Science Fiction** [FR 76] in Morrow's Film Encyclopedia series, supplemented by the forthcoming horror film volume in the same series.

--Michael Klossner



Foreign Language

An Irreplaceable French Bibliography

Delman, Henri & Alain Julian. **Le Rayon SF; Catalogue Bibliographique de Science-Fiction, Utopies, Voyages Extraordinaires**. Editions Milan, 9 rue des Gestes, 31000 Toulouse, France, Spring 1983. 333p. 120 FF, paper. ISBN 2-86726-006-X.

This book attempts to list all science fiction books published in French (in France, Belgium, Switzerland and Canada) from the 18th century through 1982, approximately 11,000 titles. French histories of the genre by Jacques Sadoul or Jacques Van Herp, for instance, provide some bibliographic help as does the massive 1972 **Encyclopedie** by Pierre Versins, but none aimed at bibliographical completeness. And Francis Valery's previous mimeographed attempt at a bibliography of French SF book series pales in comparison to this work.

Since Delmas & Julian also include price estimates for out-of-print books, and many remarks on various editions of interest to collectors (see the very long section about the various reprints of Jules Verne's works), one is tempted to look for predecessors in whatever antiquarian booksellers' annotated catalogues may have appeared. However, this one is the first to deal exclusively with SF (no mysteries or comics) and to provide many additional comments which make it more than a mere list of prices. The covers of hundreds of books are reproduced in miniature.

For the most part though, this is strictly for Trekkies.

--Paul M. Lloyd

Bleak and Skippy Future

Newman, John, and Michael Unsworth. **Future War Novels: An Annotated Bibliography of Works in English Published Since 1946**. Oryx, Phoenix 1984. 101 p. \$25.00, hardcover. ISBN 0-889774-103-X.

The compilers annotate novels written after 1945 (the beginning of the atomic weapon age) and before Orwell's year of 1984 and limit their selection to realistic novels of war among existing or realistically-extrapolated nations. Their emphasis generally excludes stories involving space travel beyond the moon, time travel, imaginary beings, parallel universes, alternative histories, in short, most hard science fiction. Though Newman and Unsworth describe their annotations as "more often descriptive than evaluative," literary criticism, mostly negative, creeps into a majority of entries. Arrangement of entries is chronological so that each work may be seen "in the social, political, and military context of its creation," but author and title indexes and cross references are provided.

Though a bibliography of such narrow range and scope might be useful to a handful of academics, the majority of readers would have been better served by a comprehensive bibliographic essay analyzing the import of fiction of this sort and highlighting the few novels worth reading. Such an essay might answer questions such as: How predictive is this fiction and how reactive is it to current events? Why do Texas and Colorado so often appear as sites of rebel, splinter, or exile governments in these novels? What trends can be discovered in the ways these future wars are started?

This bibliography is not worth its \$25.00 price tag. Recommended for large collections only.

--Agatha Taormina

Panties of Pink
Take them my Love,
they're yours to keep.
Some say its kinky,
I say its neat.
so take them my Love
--but I get your jockstrap!
Peteer Ferret

As SF publishing in France is dominated by book series with a strongly defined image and characteristic packaging (a standardized cover layout usually features the name of the series), we naturally start off with a section titled "Les Collections" where books are listed alphabetically by publisher and chronologically within the same publisher. Historical notes complete what amounts to a very detailed look at the history of SF book publishing in France. In fact, the picture could hardly be more complete, since the short section that follows sums up the history of the too few French SF magazines.

The remaining two-thirds of the book are devoted to a listing by author, in which the books already listed in the first section are simply referred to by a code number, while all the others are given in full (title and date). The amazing fact is the sheer number of SF books published outside the specifically science fictional series (and this list does not include fantasy). Before World War II, of course, SF was not published as such, and countless future war, lost race or Verne-derivative novels appeared, often in adventure novels series. Doubtlessly the compilers have not brought ashore the entirety of the iceberg, although the amount of research they must have put in is staggering.

The book concludes with interviews with the major SF editors of today in France; a list of non-fiction books, both originals and translations; a list of awards. None of them is essential, but the interviews (made from a standard questionnaire) are occasionally amusing.

Despite some omissions (many Jules Verne novels in a recent paperback reprint series; an uneven treatment of small presses) and the annoying absence of the original titles of translated works, this book is irreplaceable to anyone who has an interest in French SF, or French SF publishing. It should become part of the collection of any library with French-language SF holdings.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Everybody Dies, and It's Not Funny

Pelot, Pierre. *Le Chien Courait sur l'Autoroute en Criant son Nom*. Presses Pocket, Paris, November 1984. 158 p. Not priced, paper. ISBN 0-266-01457-9. Hommes sans Futur 5.

This latest installment of Pelot's adventure series, "Humanity without a Future," is even more relentlessly bleak than the others, if that is possible [see review in *Fantasy Review* 75]. In the sunken ruins of what was the Bay Area, only bits of freeway emerge atop former hills. They shelter the "Tollmen" gangs, and assorted rabble, who all try to catch a talking dog, a runaway from the unthinkable labs of the mutant Superiors who now rule the Earth. But a lone hunter named Brent Cutlass will keep ahead of the pack, because he once loved the woman trapped inside that dog...

The whole novel is a brutal, death-ridden chase; most characters only survive long enough to fulfill their role in the plot, though Pelot is not without compassion. His fascination for the U.S. is reflected by the settings and the movie-like vehicle mayhem. The dog echoes Pelot's more ambitious *Le Sommeil du chien* [1978], which cannot have been influenced by *Valis* as Bill Collins claims in an otherwise excellent review [FR 75]. You may want to get the novel if you have others in the series, although there are no common characters [they die too fast]. One wonders how Pelot manages to remain the most popular French SF writer.

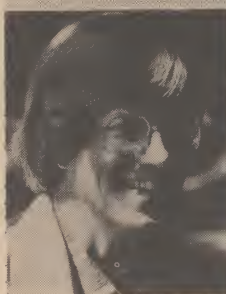
--Pascal J. Thomas

Major French Reference Work Reprinted

Versins, Pierre. *Encyclopedie de l'Utopie, des Voyages Extraordinaires, et de la Science-Fiction*. L'Age d'Homme, La Cite, 10 Metropole, Box 263, CH-1003, Lausanne, Switzerland, 1984. 997 + p. Price approx. FS 220 [about \$76]. No ISBN.

This is the long-awaited enlarged reprint of the 1972 French language encyclopedia of SF, which occasioned some debate between Chalker and Jakubowski [see FR 69 & 71]. This edition comes with a new introduction and Pascal Ducommun's index, which makes Versins' original text, the bulk of the book, easier to use. It has a mass of raw data, primarily interesting for its thorough coverage of French

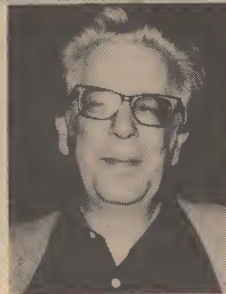
1985 BALROG AWARDS



Donaldson
Best Collection



Brin
Best Novel



Williamson
Best Pro Publication

This year the awards were presented at the Alti-Ego's convention in Denver, CO., April 28:

BEST NOVEL went to David Brin for *The Practice Effect*, DAW. Runners up were Stephen King for *Pet Semetary*, Doubleday, and Michael Bishop for *Who Made Stevie Crye?*, Arkham.

BEST SHORT STORY went to Patricia McKillip for "A Troll & Two Roses," in *Faery*. Runners up were Robert McCammon for "Night-crawlers," in *Masques*, and Jessica Amanda Salmonson for "Mrs. Chauncy and her TV Set," in *Eldritch Tales*.

BEST COLLECTION went to Stephen Donaldson for *Daughter of Regals*, Del Rey. First Runner Up was J.N. Williamson, ed., for *Masques*, Maclay; and Second Runner Up was Alan Ryan, ed., for *Night Visions I*, Dark Harvest.

BEST POET was Ardath Mayhar with Fred Mayer as First Runner Up and Steve Rasnic Tem as Second Runner Up.

BEST ARTIST was Richard & Wendy Pini. J.K. Potter got first runner up while Allen Koszowski and Real Musgrave tied for second.

BEST AMATEUR PUBLICATION went to *Eldritch Tales*, ed. Crispin Burnham, First Runner Up was *Fantasy Review*, ed. Robert A. Col-

lins. *Fantasy Tales*, ed. Stephen Jones/David Sutton was Second.

BEST PROFESSIONAL PUBLICATION: *Masques*, ed. J.N. Williamson. *Twilight Zone*, ed. T.E.D. Klein received First Runner Up and Second Runner Up went to *Omni*, Bob Guccione.

The award for **AMATEUR ACHIEVEMENT** went to David B. Silva, ed., for *The Horror Show*, with First Runner up W. Paul Ganley, for *Weirdbook* and Second Runner Up Jo Fletcher, Stephen Jones, and David Sutton, for brightening up the BFS.

The award for **PROFES-SIONAL ACHIEVEMENT** went to Hap Henriksen for establishing the National Hall of Fame for F&SF. Richard Pini was given First Runner Up for developing WARP Graphics and Second Runner Up Charles L. Grant for high quality editorship.

Votes for **BEST SF FILM** were tied between *E.T.* and *Starman*. *Metropolis* received First Runner Up and *2010* received Second.

BEST FANTASY FILM was *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. *Ghostbusters* received First Runner Up and *The Last Unicorn* received Second.

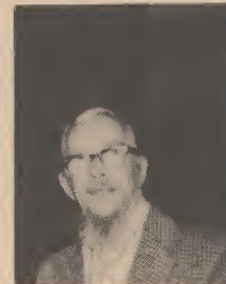
A special award, Judges Choice, was given to Lester del Rey for his contribution to SF & Fantasy.



Henriksen
Pro Achievement



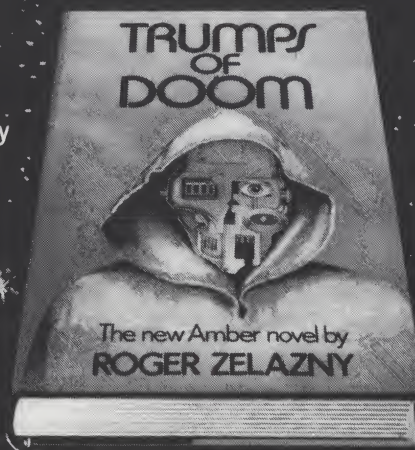
Mayhar
Best Poet



Del Rey
Judges Choice

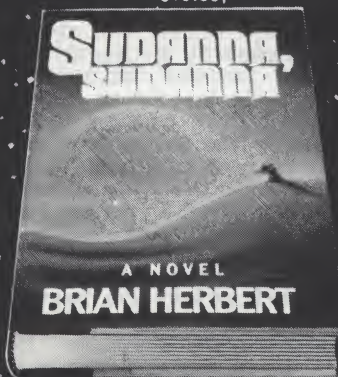
TRUMPS OF DOOM
by Roger Zelazny

The new AMBER novel, in which Roger Zelazny returns to the world of his most popular classic adventures!
\$14.95.



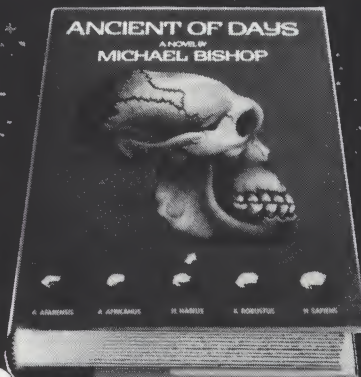
SUDANNA, SUDANNA
by Brian Herbert

"A tingling saga of rare depth and complexity—comparable to, but absorbingly different from, the intelligent, authoritative work of Brian Herbert's father, Frank."
—Kirkus Reviews (starred)
\$15.95.



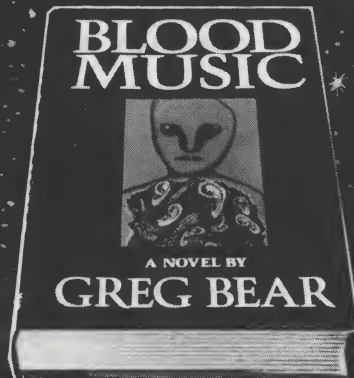
ANCIENT OF DAYS
by Michael Bishop

Bishop's first novel since his Nebula Award-winning *No Enemy But Time*. A. E. Van Vogt says of this new book: "Michael Bishop is becoming the best science fiction writer in the world."
\$16.95.



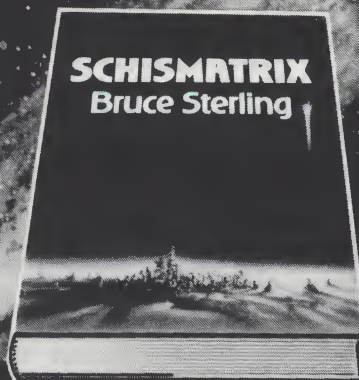
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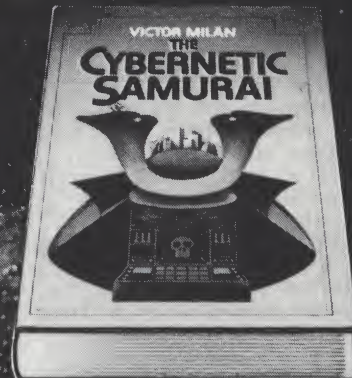
BLOOD MUSIC
by Greg Bear

"A *Childhood's End* for the 1980s, replacing aliens and mysterious mental evolution with the effects of genetic engineering run wild."—*Locus*
\$14.95.



SCHISMATRIX
by Bruce Sterling

A space adventure set in Sterling's famous Mech vs. Shaper universe to challenge the classics of Alfred Bester and A. E. Van Vogt.
\$15.95.




THE CYBERNETIC SAMURAI
by Victor Milan

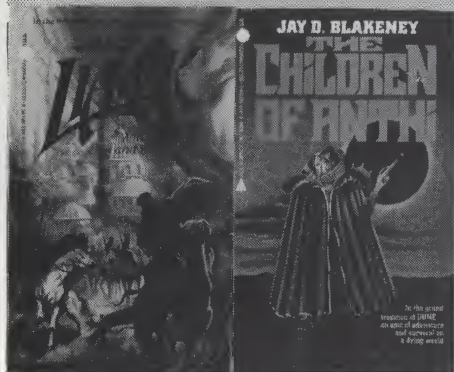
A big, blockbuster SF adventure about the first computer super-hero warrior!
\$14.95.

and coming in October:

The Summer Tree by Guy Gavriel Kay.
The first volume of **THE FIONAVAR TAPESTRY**,
a major fantasy trilogy by the co-editor of
J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Silmarillion*.


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Ace Books

ACE BOOKS

July fantasy leader (released in June) is **Liavak**, edited by EMMA BULL and WILL SHETTERLY (0-441-48180-9, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can., cover by GARY RUDDELL). It introduces the City of Luck, a Renaissance trading capital brimming with magic and wizards, in adventures written by the Minneapolis Writers Group, Gene Wolfe, Barry Longyear, and others. Includes a Tourist's Guide to Liavak (Year: 3317), A Magician's Primer and Rules of Magic.

Decadent giants with rings of power, bestial natives, untouchable hybrids, and legendary heroes with immortal bodies are among **The Children of Anthi**, (0-441-10399-5, \$2.75, \$3.25 Can., cover art by MARTUCCI & GRIESBACH), who is the goddess of Ruantli, a toxic world lit by a black sun. Here, the smuggler and killer Omari, a clone without a soul, finds himself pursued by Rhyi Sauders, who seeks to bring Ormari to justice.

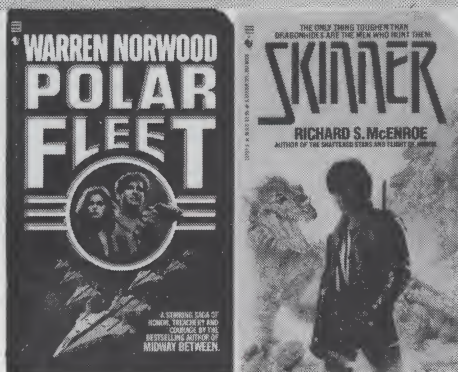
The destinies of a noblewoman possessed by a demon, a roughish thief, and a blackhearted villain cross as they seek the sorcerer Lorennion in **A Yoke of Magic, The Swords of Raemilyn** by ROBERT E. VARDEMAN and GEO. W. PROCTOR (0-441-94840-5, \$2.75, \$3.25 Can., cover by LUIS ROYL).

According to the Powers that be, a simple man must go mad to win his love in the Oriental fantasy **Ou Lu Khen and the Beautiful Madwoman** by JESICA AMANDA SALMONSON (0-441-63500-8, \$2.75, \$3.25 Can., cover art by KINUKO CRAFT). To do this, he sets out for the crumbling tombs of the Lost Dynasty, a time of demons so horrifying it has been erased from history.

In PHYLLIS GOTLIEB's **The Kingdom of the Cats** (0-441-44453-9, \$2.95, \$3.50, cover by SONYA & ENAD), the final book in a trilogy **A Judgment of Dragons and Emperor, Swords, Pentacles**, a colony of Ungrukhs, huge telepathic starcats, come to the world of Solthree to be studied as a gesture of interstellar goodwill, but an insane criminal seeks to destroy them.

AVON BOOKS

This month Avon reissues both the fourth and fifth novels of PIERS ANTHONY's interplanetary **Cluster**



Bantam/Spectra

series: **Thousandstar** (0-380-75556-4, \$2.95, \$3.75), and **Viscous Circle** (0-380-79879-2, \$2.95, \$3.75 Can.).

BAEN BOOKS

In ROBERT SILVERBERG'S **Shadrach in the Furnace** (0-671-55956-7, \$2.95), Genghis Mao, dictator of a world overrun by plague, seeks the means to survive at all costs. His projects include the development of a mechanical robot to house a computer clone of himself, and cell-renewal research to keep his body healthy forever. But the project closest to completion would plant Genghis Mao's brain into the healthy, living body of a younger man.

Afterwar, created by JANET MORRIS (0-671-55967-2, \$2.95) consists of four SF tales set after apocalyptic war, including one written by MORRIS. The others include a story of a mysterious religion founded in the Last War by C.J. CHERRYH, a survival tale where those remaining set out to determine whether they are really alone by GREGORY BENFORD, and a DAVID DRAKE story about four men who guard a precious secret.

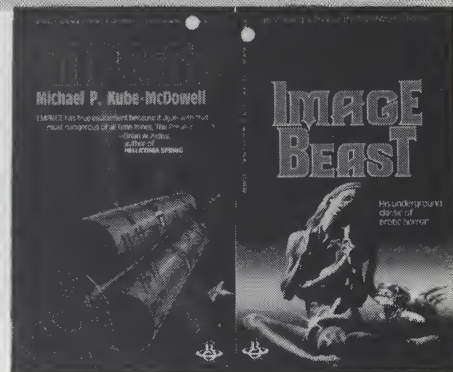
The Peace War by VERNOR VINCE (0-671-55965-6, \$3.50) is about what happens when a Concerned Scientist discovers the Ultimate Weapon, one that makes all others not only obsolete, but non-existent in a future world where all research is banned.

In CHERRY WILDER's fantasy, **A Princess of the Chameln** (0-671-55966-4, \$2.95), the princess Adris is forced to flee her kingdom even as her parents lie dying, victims of invading armies.

BANTAM/SPECTRA

Beginning in June, Bantam is releasing its SF and fantasy books under a new imprint, Spectra. Among these is **Polar Fleet** by WARREN NORWOOD (0-553-24877-4, \$2.95), which follows the first book in his **Double-Spiral War** series, **Midway Between**. Devastated by a terrible battle in the Matthews system, the forces of the Sondak Confederacy regroup on the world Satterfield. As three alien races vie for power, two young lovers are reunited and a proud Admiral tries to turn the tide of war.

The only thing tougher than dragonhides are the men who hunt them



Berkley Books

in **Skinner** by RICHARD S. McENROE (0-553-24597-X, \$2.95). It's the only way to survive on the world of Trollshulm. But Chavez Blackstone is different, the one man strong enough to defy the world's absolute ruler, Santer.

The latest Star Trek adventure from Bantam is **Vulcan** by KATHLEEN SKY (0-553-24633-X, \$2.95).

Two high fantasy reissues by PARKE GODWIN are **Firelord** (0-553-25269-0, \$3.95), a portrait of King Authur and his relationship with Guenevere, the Queen, and Morgana, the mother of Arthur's son Modred; and **Beloved Exile** (0-553-24924-X, \$3.95), a novel about what happens to Guenevere after Authur dies.

BERKLEY BOOKS

June leader is **Emprise** by MICHAEL P. KUBE-McDOWELL (0-425-07763-2, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can., cover by RON MILLER), about a near-future Earth where nuclear fission has been eliminated and scientists are blamed for everything that's wrong. Astronomer Allen Chandliss, hiding in the Idaho woods, has been waiting for 17 years to hear from space, in hopes other intelligent life can resolve the world's ills. Book One in the **Trigon Disunity**.

The final book in MICHAEL MOORCOCK's **Chronicles of Castle Brass** is **The Quest for Tanelorn** (0-425-07763-2, \$2.75, \$3.25 Can., cover art by ROBERT GOULD).

Billed as PHILLIP JOSE FARMER's underground masterpiece, **Image of the Beast** (0-425-07708-X, \$3.50, \$3.95 Can., cover art by BARCLAY SHAW) is a horror novel about the murder of a detective in a bizarre sexual ritual that is recorded on film. When the victim's partner sets out solve the crime, however, he is faced with the possibility that the killer is a vampire.

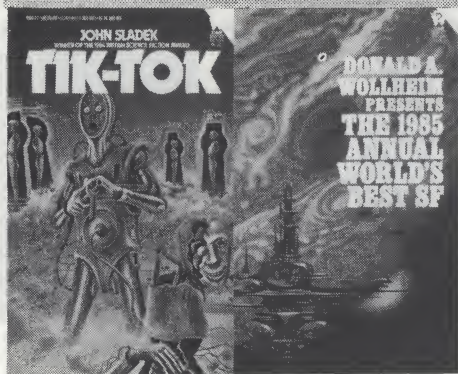
Reissues include **House of Zeor** by JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG (0-425-07745-4, \$2.75, \$3.25 Can., cover by PAUL ALEXANDER) the original novel of the Sime-Gen Universe.

In the horror novel **Phantom**, (0-425-08027-7, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can.), author THOMAS TESSIER has conjured up all the nightmares of childhood. Only these don't disappear when the lights come on.

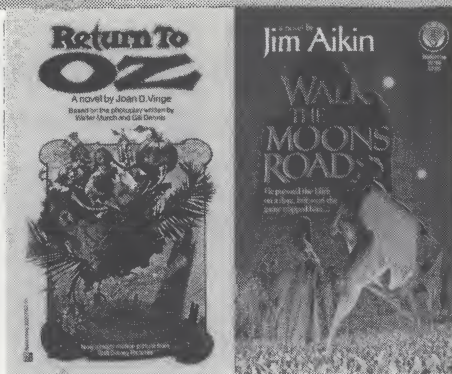
DAW BOOKS

Celebrating 50,000,000 books in

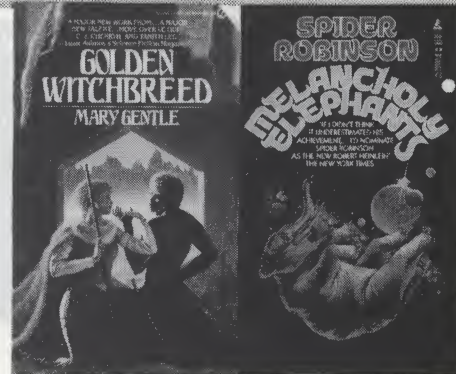
JUNE PAPERBACKS



DAW Books



Del Rey Books



Signet

Tor Books

print this month, Daw heads off its June SF list with **The 1985 Annual World's Best SF**, edited by DONALD A. WOLLHEIM (0-88677-047-5, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can., cover by FRANK KELLY FREAS). Ten selections selections include a novella about the computer revolution by JOHN VARLEY, Plus stories by STEPHEN DONALDSON, JOHN DALMAS, CONNIE WILLIS, IAN WATSON, and others.

There's fun in store with **Tik-Tok** by JOHN SLADEK (0-88677-048-3, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can.) He's one of the finest robots ever made, but it seems his circuitry is slightly awry; he wants to be vice-president! His route to this exalted position is fraught with catastrophes -- especially for the unfortunate humans who are his masters.

In **Atlan--The Atlan Saga 3** by JANE GASKELL (0-88677-049, \$3.50, \$3.95 Can.), Cija, wedded against her will to Zerd, conqueror of Atlan, is in danger when war is revived on the secret continent. Zerd must fight to hold on as the enchanted land of Atlan wakes to rid itself of the invaders.

Kyon knows only that he is a gardener in the Ultimate City in LIN CARTER's **Found Wanting** (0-88677-050-5, \$2.75, \$3.25 Can., cover by T. JACOBS). The people are strangers, but Destiny is waiting for him.

Reissued this month, four ANDRE NORTON novels: **Horn Crown** (0-88677-051-3, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can.), **Merlin's Mirror** (0-88677-052-1, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can.), **Yurth Burden** (0-88677-054-8, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can.), and **Garan the Eternal** (0-88677-055-6, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can.).

DEL REY BOOKS

Dorothy is almost convinced that she really dreamed it all up, when a terrific storm takes her back to her friends in **Return to Oz**, by JOAN D. VINCE (0-345-3207-X, \$2.95), Del Rey's major promotion and movie tie-in for June based on the photoplay by WALTER MURCH and GILL DENNIS, with the film by Walt Disney Pictures to be released this summer. But she finds Oz is now under the spell of the evil Nome King. To coincide with the book and the movie, Del Rey is bringing back several Oz books by L. FRANK BAUM originally published in hardcover by Contemporary Books, including **The Wizard of Oz** (0-345-31363-1), **The Land of Oz** (0-345-

31060-8), **Ozma of Oz** (0-345-31888-9), **Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz** (0-345-31948-6), **The Road to Oz** (0-345-31947-8) and **The Emerald City of Oz** (0-345-32028-X), all \$2.25

Although farsighted humans had hidden a colony at the end of the 20th Century to help Mankind recover from the War, time is about to run out for them in **The Gaian Expedient, Part 2 of The Earthring Cycle** by WAYLAND DREW (0-345-30888-3, \$2.95, cover by D.K. SWEET). If something isn't done soon, the leader Yggdrasil may have to resort to the methods that destroyed the world.

In **Walk the Moons Road** by JIM AIKIN (0-345-32169-3, \$2.95), a human sea captain and adventurer on the Vli's world carries a lilith, one of the veiled and secretive Vli priestesses, on his ship. She disappears and he has to rescue her.

It is anticipated that it will cost at least 150 lives to get a special satellite working to transport enough solar power to replenish the energy-deprived Earth in **Space Doctor** by LEE COREY (0-345-32486-2, \$2.95), so Dr. Tom Noel is charged with running an emergency center 22,000 miles out in space.

JOVE BOOKS

Florida's changed a lot since the last time the extraterrestrials made a stop here 5,000 years ago in DAVID SAPERSTEIN'S **Cocoon** (0-515-08400-X, \$3.50, \$3.95 Can.), the tie-in to the 20th Century Fox film directed by RON HOWARD, scheduled for July release. Back to revive the ones they left behind, the alien Antareans discover they need help before they can lift off for home. A group of retirees in a Coral Gables condo are just the people they need.

SIGNET

June science fiction leader, is **Golden Witchbreed** by MARY GENTLE (0-451-13606-3, \$3.95, hardcover by William Morrow), an epic, complex novel of planetary diplomacy, intrigue and betrayal during a central point in history. How it all turns out depends on the choices made by one woman.

A child whose mangled remains have been identified, is found wandering

the streets three years after being kidnapped by her father, whose mangled remains have also been found, in the horror novel **The Door to December** by RICHARD PAIGE (G 0-451-13605-5, \$3.95, \$4.95 Can.). The latest in the Horseclan series (# 13, to be exact) by ROBERT ADAMS, is **Horses of the North** (0-451-13626-8, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can.).

TOR BOOKS

Tor is releasing the first mass market publication this month of **Pretender** by PIERS ANTHONY and FRANCES HALL (0-812-53108-6, \$3.50, \$3.95 Can., cover art by DON MAITZ). The host's body is dying, and NK-2 hopes for rescue on a nearby primitive planet where there is a galactic observation station. When he gets there, however, the city he expected to find has been destroyed, and he must inhabit the body of a young boy. His only hope is to become a god, but he may have to destroy the Babylonian Empire to do it.

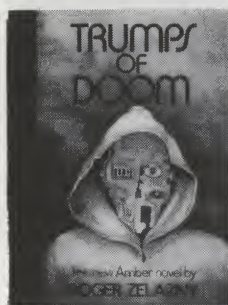
Reissues are **The Imperator Plot** by STEVEN SPRUILL (0-812-55488-4, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can., cover art by TOM KIDD); SPIDER ROBINSON'S **Melancholy Elephants** (0-812-55231-8, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can., cover by JILL BAUMAN); DIANE DUANE'S high fantasy **The Door Into Shadow** (0-812-53673-8, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can., cover by SUSAN S. COLLINS); and Ben Bova's **As on a Darkling Plain** (0-812-53200-7, \$2.95, \$3.50 Can., cover art by TOM KIDD).

WARNER/POPULAR LIBRARY

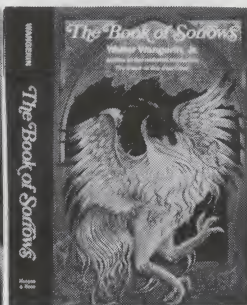
The Hammer and the Horn by MICHAEL JAN FRIEDMAN (0-445-20028-6, \$2.95) is about a Norse god, Vidar, who survived the destruction of Asgard, home of the gods, 1,000 years earlier, and now lives on Earth posing as a sculptor. When a new enemy comes to destroy the rebuilt city, however, he must go back home and take with him the Horn of Death, which once protected the city of the gods.

Wilf Ansor Brim, a young starman from the most poverty-stricken world in the galaxy, proves to the blue-blooded cadets and officers on his ship that he's the better man in **The Helmsman** by MERL BALDWIN (0-445-20027-8, \$2.95), a space adventure.

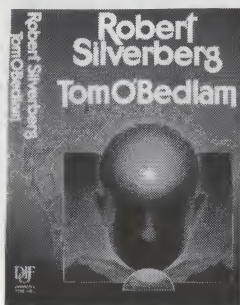
TRADE BOOKS



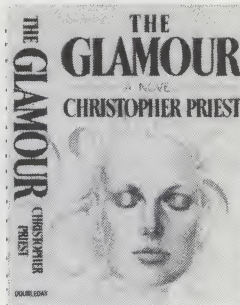
Arbor House



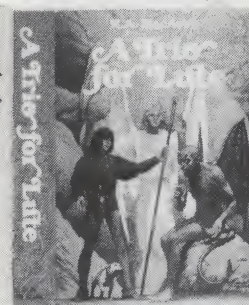
Harper & Row



Donald I. Fine



Doubleday



Argo

ARBOR HOUSE

Trumps of Doom by ROGER ZELAZNY, jacket art by ANDREW RHODES, May 30, 1985, hardcover \$14.95, 0-87795-718-5.

This new **Amber** novel begins a trilogy centering around Merlin, Corwin's son.

Merlin has the inherent powers of Amber, but is content to live in San Francisco as a computer programmer, until his life is threatened. He must fight his way, through Shadow, back to Amber, where he finds a complex plot is brewing. He must claim his heritage, but his first priority is survival.

ARGO

The Saga of Grittel Sundotha by ARDATH MAYHAR, jacket art by NEIL FEIGELES, July 1, 1985, hardcover \$12.95, 0-689-310097-8.

Grittel is seven feet tall, and her mother despaired of marrying her off. When Grittel refuses a marriage proposal, she is forced to leave home.

She encounters ruffians, sorcerers, and witches, even strange people claiming to be from outer space. She learns to use powers she had never dreamed about, and she learns about the demanding world outside her home.

BANTAM BOOKS

Medea: Harlan's World, edited by HARLAN ELLISON, June 1985, paper \$10.95, 0-553-34170-7.

Scheduled to coincide with the Phantasia Press Special Edition (see p. 37) with major multi-media promotion, this is a collection of short stories chronicling the evolution of Medea, a planet envisioned by Ellison, formed and peopled by the collective imaginations of twelve respective sf contributors: Poul Anderson, Hal Clement, Thomas M. Disch, Harlan Ellison, Kelly Freas, Frank Herbert, Larry Niven, Frederik Pohl, Robert Silverberg, Theodore Sturgeon, Kate Wilhelm, and Jack Williamson. The book is divided into five sections, beginning with "The Specs," or scientific data, moving through concepts, question and debate, into the final section, "The Stories."

The Last Rainbow by PARKE GODWIN, cover by STEPHANIE GERBER, July 1985, paper \$7.95 (Can. \$8.95), 0-553-34142-1.

Patrick is poised between the old magics of pagan Britain and the new faith he is sworn to spread. Dorelei seeks sanctuary for her people, the Faerie Prydn. Together they bridge a new age, in a world beyond the last rainbow.

DONALD I. FINE

Tom O'Bedlam by ROBERT SILVERBERG, July 15, 1985, hardcover \$16.95, 0-917657-31-4.

Tom O'Bedlam lives in the high-tech, post-industrial world of A.D. 2103. Tom feigns insanity as a means of coping with the mental powers he possesses. He can send his mind out through space and communicate with other worlds. When a star probe sends back images of life, Tom must become the representative of these distant worlds on earth.

DOUBLEDAY

The Glamour by CHRISTOPHER PRIEST, jacket art by LINDA

FENNIMORE, June 15, 1985, hardcover \$15.95, 0-385-19761-6.

In the world they call the glamour, Richard and Susan meet and fall in love. To Richard, a victim of a terrorist bombing trying to piece together his shattered memory, it is a love both strange and new. But to Susan it is a love that began in Richard's forgotten past.

The glamour is a power that can help them both, but it is quickly becoming a power they must escape, or be haunted by, forever.

A Trio For Lute by R. A. MACAVOY, jacket painting by WALTER VELEZ, March, 1985, Science Fiction Book Club edition, hardcover, \$7.98.

Contains three novels comprising the **Damiano** trilogy, including **Damiano's Lute** and **Raphael**, reprinted from the Bantam original paperback editions of 1983-1984.

GREENWOOD PRESS

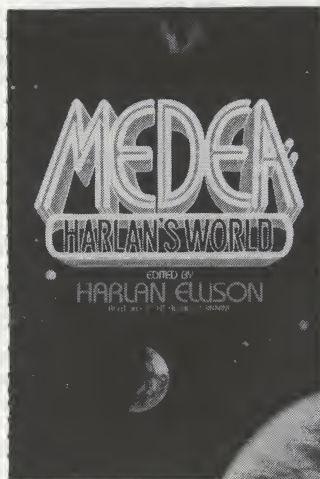
The Scope of the Fantastic -- Theory, Technique, Major Authors: Selected Essays from the First International Conference on the Fantastic in Literature and Film edited by ROBERT A. COLLINS and HOWARD D. PEARCE, Spring 1985, hardcover \$35.00, 0-313-23447-7.

A scholarly incursion into the fantastic mode, concentrating on current theoretical approaches, structural techniques, purpose and literary relationships, and critical studies of the works of recognized authors of fantastic literature: Singer, Kafka, Borges, Tolkien, etc.

HARPER & ROW

The Book of Sorrows by WALTER WANGERIN, JR., jacket art by JACLYNE SCARDOVA, May 1985, hardcover \$15.95, 0-06-250929-2.

In this conclusion to **The Book of the Dun Cow**, Chauntecleer, Pertelote, and others from the Coop struggle to piece together their shattered lives in the aftermath of their conflict with Wyrms. Wyrms again appears, but the reappearance of the dog Mundo Cani unveils an even darker mystery and the threat of a final horror.



Bantam Books

Sturgeon, continued

...from page 10.

corral, and an orchard. The orchard goes down for about two and a half football fields, it goes down to the river. I can't see the river; but beyond the river, of course, are the mountains. That's all I can see. No roads, no buildings, no nothing.

"I spend so much time at the window; taking pictures and watching the geese flying north when Spring comes along; watching sunsets and rainbows. We're happier here than anywhere we've ever been."

By "we," Sturgeon was referring to his wife, "Lady Jayne," whom he described as the greatest inspiration in his life. Jayne has been an actress since the age of four, is an ordained minister, teaches seminars on the Tarot, has just written her first sf book entitled "Chipdren" (for "computer children"), besides working with her husband on various projects. They met several years ago at a Con, and the love that radiates between the two is remarkable! One could even feel it seeping through the phone wires during a long distance interview.

While everyone else was at the Los Angeles World Con in August, he and Jayne were teaching a writing course in Maui.

"I enjoy teaching very much because you don't know what you know and you don't know what you believe until you tell somebody else," Sturgeon related. "That's what teaching is. Now I'm that much firmer in my own convictions, and my own abilities for that matter, by teaching somebody else."

"Of course, on Maui, I've got to say, all I could do was scratch the surface of the talent that could be explored. I've never seen anything like it. It was wonderful!"

"This one, as a matter of fact, came up very abruptly; and it came up not specifically because of teaching, but because a friend of ours was having very serious difficulties there, and we were afraid for her. The thing to do was to make her busy."

"I found out years ago when my ex-wife was in radio; she would work at night writing news, and every once in a while she'd get a suicide. Sometimes she'd handle it herself, and occasionally she'd field it over to me at three or four o'clock in the morning. But I'd talk to them, and I found that THE way, the absolute way to have some success in handing a new beginning to the person or getting the trust of the person is to make a date. 'Meet me at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon. We'll talk about this some more. I'll see you at one o'clock,' or whatever. As soon as you make a future arrangement...."

"This whole thing (Maui) fell together very rapidly, and was the most successful class we've had there. That's the third time we've been over there; but this time it worked out just beautifully."

That particular course, incidentally, was videotaped, and will be edited into twelve half-hour segments. They're going to catalog it in colleges, possibly for credits, as well as marketing it in video stores, bookstores, and pos-



TED (center) signs books for teachers at the 1982 SFRA meeting. At left is Lee Killough, right Jack Williamson, Fred Pohl.

sibly for broadcast by either PBS or cable.

"We tried as hard as we could to avoid the 'talking heads' bit, so we shot background scenery, and we did different sets," said Sturgeon, in describing how the video was done. "One of the students there (Jim Frankel) wrote music to it on guitar --the scene opens and closes with it, and Jane comes in with a composition she wrote."

One of Sturgeon's students on Maui, Betsy Angstrom, will soon publish her first novel, **When Darkness Loves Us**.

Sturgeon's most famous novel, **More than Human**, is under option to a French film company which bought the option three years ago, and recently had asked for renewal. Sturgeon said he refused the renewal because some American film companies also want the property. The French company has until the end of October to either shoot it or lose it.

"**More than Human** is now in 16 languages," Sturgeon said. "I have no idea how many editions."

Did Sturgeon think sf as a field has become too commercial?

"No writing area will ever get too commercial as long as people are artists in a perfect sense, which they must be to be good writers. That even goes for porno, you know; there's a certain artistry involved. You can exploit that and make a big business out of it; a distortion. But, like it says in the Good Book, 'In the beginning, there was the Word.'"

Diskin, continued

...from page 8.

at a single stroke, simplify." There we have the keys to the beauty of Ted's life and work. His life had its complications but he always emerged clearly a rare breed and in ways indeed spectacular. He was a master of the stroke, because his fiction has a powerful immediate effect. His stories will go on forever helping us to simplify and not overlook.

Ted's death breaks my heart. Although I have him and will love him for as long as I go on, I wanted him to live forever. We always want our heroes in the flesh; we always want the people we love to outlive us. And, of course, Ted Sturgeon is and will.

--Lahna F. Diskin

1985 Hugo Nominees

Best Novel

William Gibson, **Neuromancer**, Ace
Robert A. Heinlein, **Job**, Del Rey
Larry Niven, **The Integral Trees**, Del Rey
David R. Palmer, **Emergence**, Bantam
Vernor Vinge, **The Peace War**, Bluejay

Best Novella

David Brin, "Cyclops," **Asimov's**
Joseph R. Delaney & Marc Steigler, "Valentina," **Analog**
Charles L. Harness, "Summer Solstice," **Analog**
Geoffrey A. Landis, "Elementals," **Analog**
John Varley, "Press Enter **M**," **Asimov's**

Best Novelette

Octavia Butler, "Bloodchild," **Asimov's**
Kim Stanley Robinson, "The Lucky Strike," **Universe 14**
Hilbert Schenck, "Silicon Muse," **Analog**
Lucius Shepard, "Man Who Painted the Dragon Griaule," **F&SF**
Eric Vinicoff & Marcia Martin, "The Weigher," **Analog**
Connie Willis, "Blued Moon," **Asimov's**
Timothy Zahn, "Return to the Fold," **Analog**

Best Short Story

David Brin, "The Crystal Spheres," **Analog**
George Alec Effinger, "The Aliens Who Knew, I Mean, **Everything**," **F&SF**
Stephen Gould, "Rory," **Analog**
Lee Killough, "Symphony For a Lost Traveler," **Analog**
Kim Stanley Robinson, "Ridge Running," **F&SF**
Lucius Shepard, "Salvador," **F&SF**

PACE

Slow **Ferraris** creep by a turtle wrapped around a telephone pole

A. J. Grimaldi

Biography, continued

...from page 6.

change" (Bleiler). The kind of progress that interested him was moral rather than material. He anticipated the "Love, not War" ethos of the 60s Flower Children by at least a decade; unlike them he never abandoned belief in the therapeutic power of love. His assault upon the irrational taboos of human society included empathic treatments of such "deviant behavior" as homosexuality, incest, and cannibalism; even his unfinished novel, **Godbody**, an attempt to restore the primitive link between sex and religion, was based on the conviction that cultural frustration and exploitation of human sexuality is at the root of all evil.

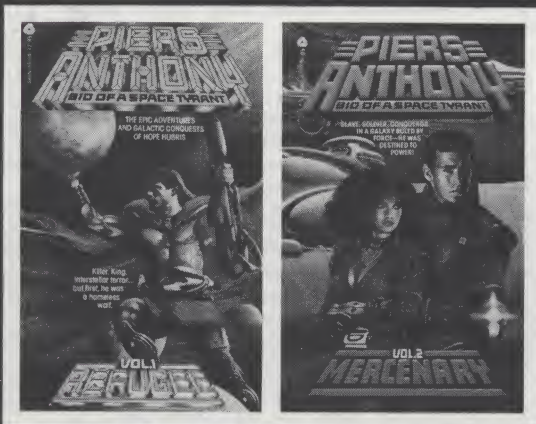
BIO OF A SPACE TYRANT VOLUME III: POLITICIAN.

by **Piers Anthony**

The space saga continues...
Fueled by fury and a quest for social reform...
His rise to power promises to ensure Jupiter's future.
But his fall from political titan to political prisoner threatens to obliterate any trace of his destiny.

Politician.
Volume III in
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Superb science
fiction from a
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King Hoax, cont.

damage to Mr. King. Mr. King emphatically and unequivocally denies having written "Love Lessons," and other works allegedly attributed to him by Ms. Purcell and Pinetree Press or any other sexually explicit material.

You are advised to immediately retract the statements, in writing, set forth by Ms. Purcell; issue a written apology to Mr. King, and promulgate such publicity concerning the retraction and apology, and otherwise take such appropriate steps in conjunction with me, and satisfactory to Mr. King, as are necessary to correct the damage which has been done.

Furthermore, I advise you that the foregoing is without prejudice to Mr. King's right to sue for equitable relief and/or damages, including general, special and punitive damages. We are reserving the right to bring suit at any time hereafter and demand that you forthwith advise us of your response to this letter.

--Arthur B. Greene

Neil Confesses

Dear FR:

I took the liberty of testing the pulling power of FR. Charles Platt had called me about another matter, and I suggested he write a review of an imaginary book by a very collectible author. So his review of *Love Lessons* appears on page 31. The address shown is that of Gary Zacharias, who told me yesterday that he's received two replies already, an inquiry from Bob Weinberg and a check from a university library special collections dept. I'll wait a few weeks for replies to sift in, then return all monies with a form letter explaining that I--not you--wanted to see how much pull FR has. I'll send you a copy of the form letter along with any notes. I'm working in an honorable tradition: Lem wrote an entire book, *A Perfect Vacuum*, of imaginary reviews, or reviews of imaginary books, to be precise.

--Neil Barron

[If you guys knew how much time, money and intangible trust this caper cost FR, not to mention hairs off my bald spot, you maybe wouldn't have done it. Then again, maybe you would, you bastards! --Ed.]

DESCENT FROM
THE TENTH FLOOR

My hot sharp body slicing
through cool fast air
makes me feel soooo

good all over

Oh, I feel sooo good all

Oh, I feel soo good

Oh, I feel so

Oh, I feel

Oh, I

can't feel anything now.

FEEDBACK

Writers 2, Critics 0

Dear FR:

Writers 2, Critics 0! John Kessel (FR78, p.9) certainly adds support to Gregory Benford's side of the literary borrowing controversy. Borrowing -- plots, characters, styles, even great lines -- is a timehonored tradition in literature. Can you imagine what Wolfe would have said about Shakespeare?

The important thing is the use made of the material, whether or not the borrowed parts have anything new to say in this very different setting. If critics and literary criticism have a place in sf at all, it should be to do more than point out obvious congruencies of plot and character. Nor should they content themselves with simple cries of why? (as Benford says, a phone call would take care of that).

The critic's task is to uncover what the writer might be trying to say or do -- consciously or unconsciously -- and examine the effectiveness of the experiment. This requires deep insight into the craft of the writer, not an attitude in which the writer is considered a schoolboy caught cribbing answers to the questions of life.

--Sheila Finch-Rayner

Customers Please Note

Dear FR:

Many thanks for mentioning *Arachne* in *Fantasy Review* (#77, p. 32), but I have to correct your reviewer on one point: I am the book's publisher as well as its editor: *Antares* (which is a publisher in its own right) only acted as printer on *Arachne*. Ms. Rutledge is not the first reviewer to make this mistake, maybe I should have printed "Jean-Daniel Breque, publisher" on the cover. A friend of mine even hinted that I was too modest. So could you please inform potential customers that they must order at this address: Res. Britania 2, Ent. E, Apt. 70, 141 rue de Douvres, 59240 DUNKERQUE, FRANCE. No problem if they ordered the book from *Antares*, since they have some copies in stock.

I must thank Ms. Rutledge for her fair review. Lieber's story was the first I translated, and my work is a bit rough. As for likes and dislikes, the reviewers who mentioned *Arachne* thus far have their favorite story(ies) and their least favorite(s), but it would be a difficult job to find two of them in perfect agreement: Charles Grant's story (which makes me shiver and cry each time I re-read it) was thus far unanimously dismissed by French reviewers as minor (!), while Michael Bishop's "Within the Wall of Tyre," which Ms. Rutledge does not mention, was hailed as a masterpiece (which it is). Well, you can please all of the people some of the time, etc.

--Jean-Daniel Breque

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